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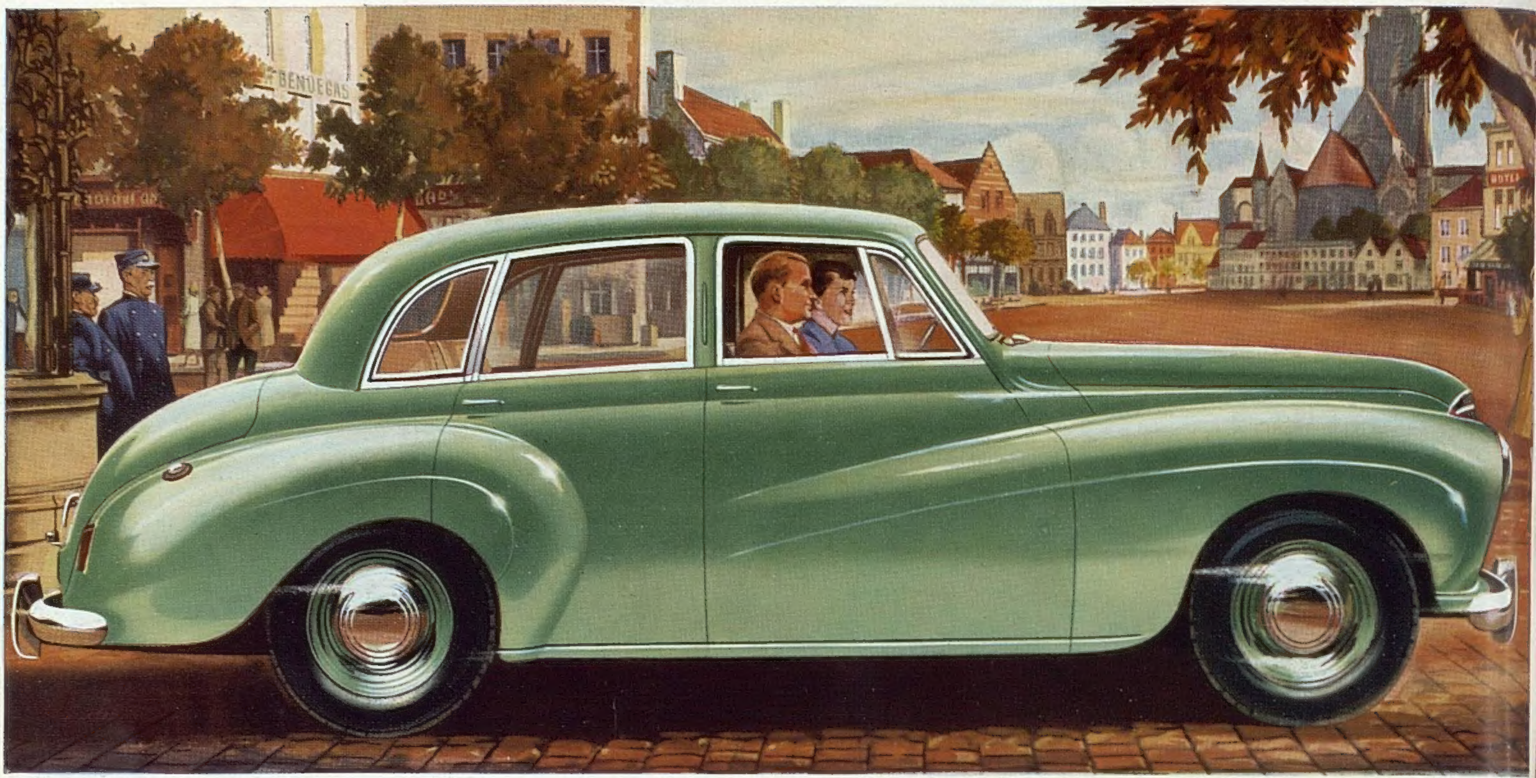

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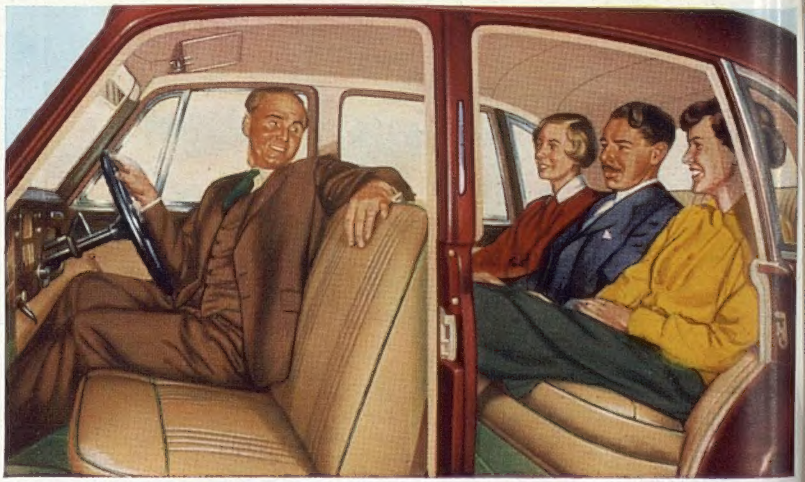

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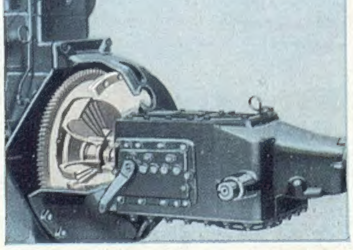

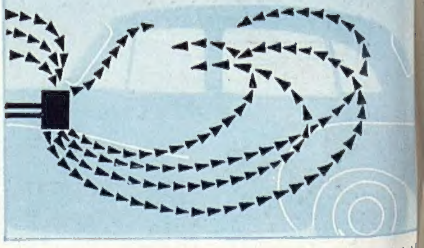

Above left: *Cutaway picture of the actual fluid flywheel. In this transmission there is no rigid mechanical connection; a fluid cushioning effect between engine and roadwheels gives utmost smoothness of drive and gear change.* **Above right:** *Fresh air conditioning with built in heater and ventilating fan. Fresh air circulated, heated or unheated. Control from dash.*

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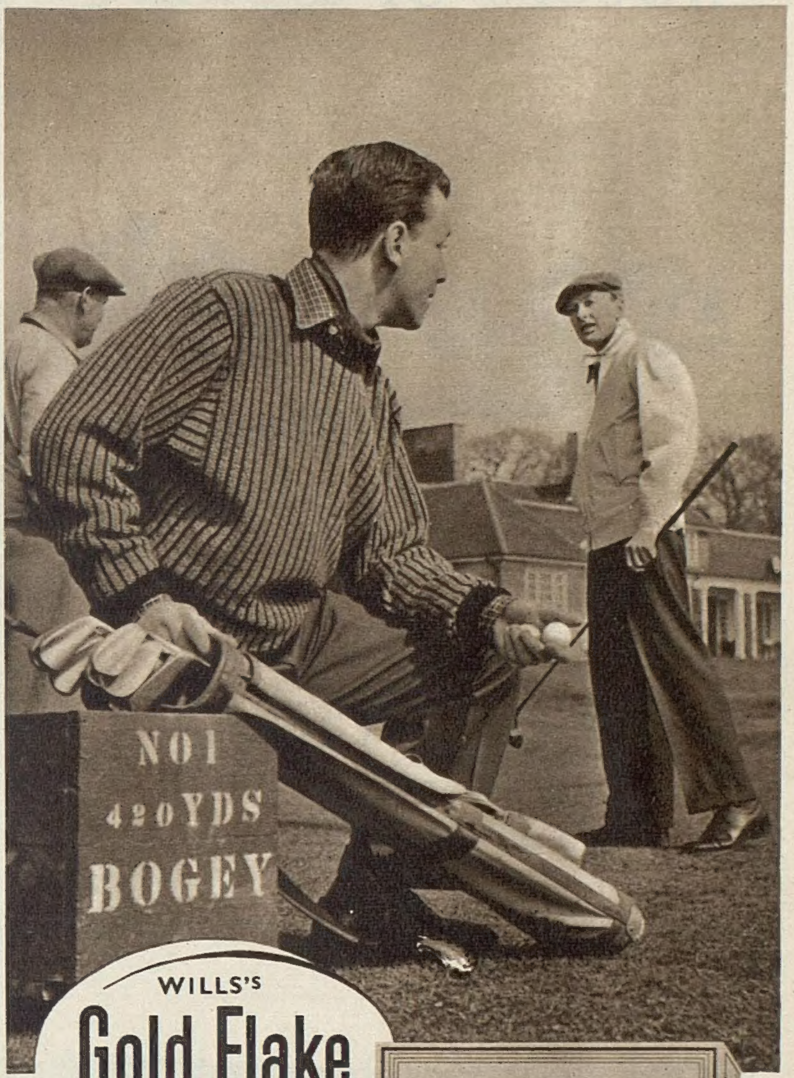

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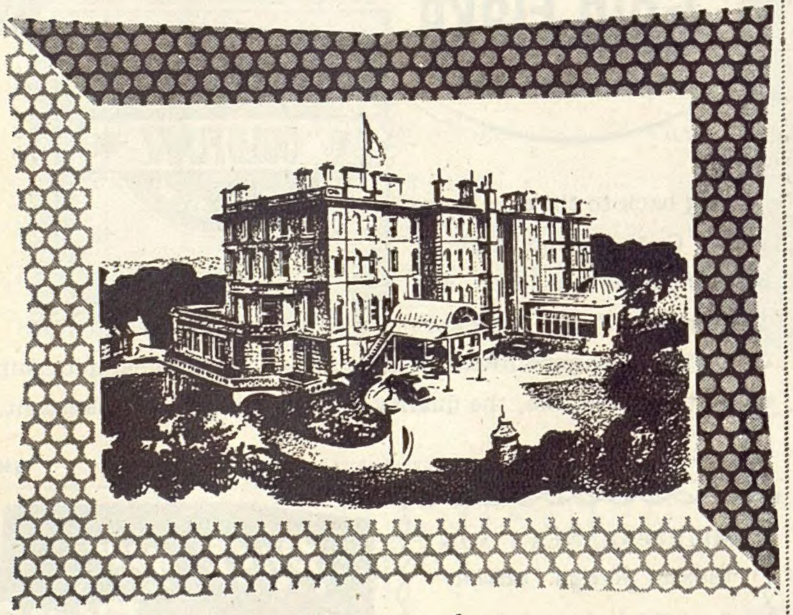

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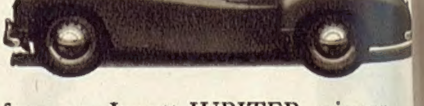

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1952

Photographed by Dorothy Wilding.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

The birthday of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is on August 4, when she will be fifty-two. She married the late King George VI., then Duke of York, just over twenty-nine years ago and was welcomed by the nation as a charming wife for the first Royal Duke. After the accession of her husband, she bore an increasingly heavy burden with brilliant success for sixteen years.

THRESHOLD RECEPTION COMMITTEE (ADVANCE SALES DEPARTMENT).

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

I SEE that Dr. Goldstein, whose admirable analysis of the British Trade Union movement has aroused a great deal of interest, has caused a flutter in Trade Union circles by drawing attention to certain slightly unusual forms of "democratic control" of the Unions, including a poll in which 104 per cent. of those entitled to vote did so—at least, according to the record.

No Irishman whose memory extends back any distance will find this very remarkable. Before World War I., it was considered legitimate by political organisers to poll electors who had died after the Battle of the Boyne—though those who attempted to poll voters who had died previous to that important event in Irish history were regarded as somewhat over-stepping the mark. Indeed, even between the wars, if you look up the records of one Northern Irish constituency, you will find that 105 per cent. of the electorate voted on one occasion—a turn-out in which any constituency agent could justifiably take a quiet pride!

In the more volatile countries a handsome turn-out is, of course, regarded as commonplace. An Englishman who was staying with the Governor of a Spanish province in the early days of the century was asked by his host if he would like to go down to the count and declaration of the poll for the election of a Deputy to the Cortes. As they got into his carriage a servant placed a large black bag at his feet. The Englishman enquired what it was. "Oh, that," said the Governor. "That 's the majority!"

I have always been equally delighted with the account of the Presidential election of 1906 in the Negro republic of Liberia which I discovered years ago in a country house in a dry-as-dust Colonial Office publication. There were two candidates. The unsuccessful one, who received 12,000 votes, was overwhelmed by his successful rival, who obtained exactly ten times as many. Alas, what the unsuccessful candidate lacked was not votes but imagination. The total electorate was 12,000!

Electioneering in Africa has its hazards, as was shown by the French African Deputy who went to visit his constituents, who repaid his courtesy by popping him in the pot and eating him. No doubt they thought that this form of "democracy by assimilation" would enable them to absorb some of the powerful ju-ju which accounted for his eloquence.

Some years ago, Sir Owen Morshead, the King's Librarian, was showing that delightful man Don Eduardo Santos, a former President of the Republic of Colombia, and his wife and myself round Windsor Castle. He showed us a case containing a large number of exotic foreign orders, one of which was, shall we say, the Order of Chastity which Queen Waikaikiki II. of the Bongo Islands conferred on Queen Victoria when her dusky Majesty paid a State visit to this country. In the course of lunch at

Windsor Castle, Queen Waikaikiki turned to Queen Victoria and said : " You know, Ma'am, that I am proud of the fact that I, too, have English blood in my veins." Queen Victoria, evidently expecting to be told some most unedifying tale of a castaway British mariner among the dusky maidens of the Bongo Islands, started to purse up her lips preparatory to not being amused. " Yes," went on Queen Waikaikiki, " You see, my grandfather was among those who were privileged to eat your Captain Cook ! "

THE last few weeks have seen a hotting-up of the tempo of public lunches and dinners (with their attendant speeches), as individuals and organisations hurry to get their eating and drinking in public over before the holiday season begins. Thus I have notes of the 1900 Club's Annual Dinner with Rab Butler as the principal guest, distinguished by the fact that not one of the speakers omitted to point out that the Club was so called because it was founded in 1906, and for a well-deserved tribute by Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd to the Maharajah of Jaipur, whose family, like himself, has been for so long closely allied with this country and with the British Crown.

There was a lunch to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of " Industria Britannica," which has, as Mr. Selwyn Lloyd in a really excellent speech pointed out, played such a big part in the commercial and diplomatic links which connect this country with the Latin-American Republics. " Do for heaven's sake tell me something I can say," Selwyn whispered to me as we went in to lunch—which is, of course, the public man's way of saying, " I have a brilliant speech up my sleeve and do hope you 'll like it for its impromptu excellence ! "

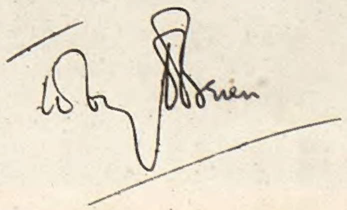
The A.A. lunch, as organised by Cecil Orr, is, of course, one of the most agreeable events of the year. It was a happy thought of Mr. W. V. Gibson, the secretary of the A.A., to have the menu done up in a carton the shape of an A.A. box—a revival of an idea used at an A.A. lunch at the Hotel Cecil in 1912, when all the world was young and motor-cars were noisy, unreliable and even more dangerous, because of the latter failing, than they are to-day. Some hundred or more grown men found an excellent topic of conversation in opening their "A.A. boxes," and with a greater or less success putting them together again. The occasion was notable, as was last year's similar gathering, for a really first-class speech, the bulk of which was evidently impromptu, by the Duke of Edinburgh. I know of few public speakers (and certainly none of his age) who have a more quietly engaging style than the Duke.

H.R.H., like the other members of the Royal family, can scarcely have found the debates on the Civil List other than distasteful. I suppose there is only one institution which is worse than her Majesty's advisors, *i.e.*, the Cabinet, at public relations and at presenting an excellent case, and that is " the Palace." When the two of them get together, as over the case of the Civil List, the result is appalling in its unfortunate ineptitude. No one had evidently thought of reminding the Press and the public before the debate that we have in fact a cut-price Monarchy. That is to say, that the Civil List represents a magnificent bargain for the nation. George IV. and William IV. in turn gave up all the revenues from the Crown Lands and other property in England, Scotland and Ireland in exchange for it. As a result, so far from the nation conferring a benefit on the Queen and the Royal family, the Monarchy is giving up rather more than half its income for the benefit of the taxpayer. The Palace and Government's failure in timely public relations led, as a result, to such misleading headlines as "£475,000 A YEAR FOR THE QUEEN," which must have given to the ignorant reader, *i.e.*, the majority of us, the impression that this was so much pocket money for her Majesty, omitting the fact that, at a time of ever-increasing costs, everything to do with the upkeep of the Monarchy has to come out of that sum. The cost of Parliament and the Palace of Westminster works out at about a million and a half a year. Presented as the Civil List was, a description of that vote should be " A MILLION AND A HALF FOR WINSTON." One further result of all this was a sudden subtle but obvious (to those with eyes to see) outburst of that hidden republicanism to which I have before referred, in those newspapers, by no means all on the Left, which are always quick to seize on any chance of denigrating the Royal family and the Monarchy.

AT a reception at the Greek Embassy recently, I was pleased to run into an old friend, Sir Clifford Norton, who only recently retired from the post of our Ambassador in Greece. The Foreign Service, since its earliest days, has been noted for the wit with which many of its members have embellished their despatches. If Sir Eric Phipps was probably the most brilliantly witty of Ambassadors—when the archives come to be opened, his despatches from Berlin before the war, and particularly his description of one diplomatic reception which Goering gave at his fabulous hunting lodge, Karinhall, will be the joy of future historians—Clifford Norton has, I should think, the most admirable touch in the field of light verse. Not that this excellent facility in any way detracted from his appreciation of the seriousness of his task, for like his predecessor, Sir Reginald Leeper, who was also at the party, he has been in one of the outposts of the cold war. Sometimes I think we forget how relentless is the pressure on Greece—a fact which was brought home recently by that able young Greek business man Basil Tzakos, when he said, announcing a record import licence for British tractors into Greece, that " a tractor is as important in the cold war as a tank in the hot." Basil, with his charming wife Laura, visits this country once a year. He speaks English with more fluency, more enthusiasm, but with less accuracy as year succeeds year than any of my foreign friends. There can be no doubt, however, as to his friendship for this country or to the important rôle which he plays in Anglo-Greek relations.

AS a collector of schoolboy howlers, I am delighted with the young gentleman who, when asked " Who was Bach ? " replied " Bach was a composer. He had ten or twelve children, but also found time to practise on a spinster in the attic." A little bird in the shape of a member of the Upper House tells me that this was told to a Very Distinguished Prelate during the debate on the Dean of Canterbury. The V.D.P. replied : " Oh, that 's stale. I was told that by the Bishop of Blank long ago."

" Mummy, what *was* a cook-general ? "



All Set for Cowes

There is no limit to the activities of our vigorous Royal family. Cowes is one of their most immediate sporting dates, and it is certain that the two Royal yachts, *Coweslip* (a Flying Fifteen) and *Bluebottle* (Dragon class), will be facing up to the terrors of English weather in the Solent. This was at its most brutal when the Duke of Edinburgh, in the photograph above, won with *Coweslip* on August Bank Holiday of last year ; on the right he is seen at the helm of *Bluebottle* in slightly more favourable conditions. The Duke is maintaining the great keenness in yachting for which Edward VII. and George V. were well known, and the interest of the nation will be with the Royal yachts next week.

Photographed by Beken and Son.

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The Countess of Erroll, Lord High Constable of Scotland, and the Duke of Atholl, led the procession before the set reels. On the right is Lady Mary Stuart Walker; second from right, Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune.

Kilts and sporrans splendidly swinging in the midst of a set reel. On the left is Sir David Moncreiffe, first cousin of the Countess of Erroll's husband, Captain Iain Moncreiffe, of Easter Moncreiffe; the Duke of Atholl, third from the right, and Lady Erroll in the background.

The Caledonian Ball

Amid the sound of bagpipes, Scotland once again invaded Grosvenor House for the Royal Caledonian Ball on July 18, when hundreds of Scots, plus a minority of English, danced reels with all the traditional gusto far into the night. The procession of over a hundred chosen dancers, kilted or sashed,

Mr. and Mrs. Ruaraidh Hilleary watch from the balcony. She was Miss Sheena Mackintosh, famous skier.

Heavy work programme-writing among, *l. to r.*, Miss Pansy Macintosh, Mr. Robin Fremantle, Miss Camilla Skipworth and Miss Anne Barber.

Cornering smartly in one of the many energetic reels are Miss Vora Mackintosh with her brother-in-law Mr. Ruaraidh Hilleary.

Scotland was there in all its generations, enjoying a long evening which proved the toughness of our Northern Kingdom. *L. to r.*, the Duchess of Atholl, Mr. Alan Walker, the Duke of Atholl and the Countess of Dunmore.

The Hon. Caroline Dewar, with Mr. Samuel Goodenough, was among many who wore white as background for her tartan sash; other colours proved less effective.

Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, organiser and secretary of the Royal Caledonian Ball, with his wife, who wore a lovely necklace with her pretty dress.

made a very gay picture as they took their places for the set reels which were arranged by the Countess of Dunmore. Ancestors of the Duke of Atholl held the first Caledonian Ball in 1849, and since then, year after year, it has always been one of the gayest and liveliest events of the season.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Scots Guards Pipers raised the roof: the plaintive, nostalgic squealing that can echo so charmingly from highland to highland was at first rather oppressive inside the walls of Grosvenor House, but it delighted the mainly Scottish guests.

The splendour of Service dress displayed by Commander F. Younghusband, who is with Mlle. Therese de Vulpian; mittens, mesh and artless fan add to her charm.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Pierce come from New York; their baffled alarm on first witnessing the abandon of Scottish Society in its national dance is perhaps understandable. There is something apart and almost mystic about the whole business of pipes and reels.

At 3.30 a.m. the chef was still carving at the pig, which was partly cooked before it left Carolina ; the guests were still eating, drinking and dancing the great fire still blazed and dawn was the only threat to the fun. Mr. Beattie, who is a bachelor, asked Lady June Hay and Miss Caroline Fairfa to act as hostesses.

DOWN TO SUSSEX FO

The lavish host sits smoking a pipe among his guests as his tremendous party maintains its climax. In bonnet and bows, on the right, is Lady Killearn ; between her and Mr. Beattie is Mr. Gavin Welby.

The starving English certainly had a chance to stoke up, and took advantage of it ! The pretty girl in the middle is Derris Kemble ; sitting behind a pile of plates is Mr. Robert Buchanan-Michaelson.

A huge fire blazed under the apple-trees, while a pig from Carolina turned gaily on a spit ; barrels of burgundy and other precious liquids were visible by fire- and lantern-light ; hams and delicacies were assembled from all over the place, and 150 people mustered at Mr. Alexander Beattie's cottage at Ifield to enjoy them and celebrate his acquisition of a new home. The West—Far West—inspired the jolly clothes and the cowboy look was indulged in by most of the men and many of the women ; the cowboy-dressed waiters were imported from Hove, and there was a marquee for dancing and hay for sitting out. The whole thing was called a "Barbecue" and insured at Lloyd's against bad weather, which never even threatened.

Photographed by Chris Ware.

The cowboy and the lady, gracefully draping the tree, are Mr. John Slesinger and Lady June Hay, one of the two acting hostesses.

Hilarity was unconfined ; here is Lady Killearn again, taking a turn with M. Latorre. Nothing ran out, not excluding the gaiety of Mr. Beattie's guests.

Lashings of hay to rest on was just a part of the Beattie service. Here are Philip Briant, Yolande Cahoncovern, Anne Massingberd-Mundy and Peter Balfour.

Lady Killearn, very much the life of the party, comes up for the third time—this time to make a group with Mr. Gavin Welby and Major the Master of Sinclair.

MR. BEATTIE'S HOUSEWARMING

Photographed specially for "THE SKETCH" by Bassano.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Miss JANE MCNEILL, who looks radiant in her glittery tulle dress, goes to a great many parties and is interested in books, music and travelling. She is the daughter of Mr. John McNeill, Q.C., who practises in Hong Kong, where she and her mother spent Christmas. They are now back at their flat, 73, Cheyne Court, in Chelsea.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JULY 11.—Alas for the invariably ill-timed English rain; on the night of the Eton and Harrow dance at Hurlingham it persisted firmly until one. As firework time was before that and had to be stuck to, there was a period of abortive sizzling while rain dripped through the veranda; the staunch leading young ladies of this merry season refused to be dismayed, but were slightly annoyed to realise that a little patience would have seen the rain out and given the poor fireworks a better chance.

JULY 14.—A particularly wicked-looking striped cat prowls into an enticing roomful of dead fish; this large, still-life picture with its intriguing touch of action hangs in one of the rooms at Wheeler's, where we dined. At this time of year, the hands of the gifted oyster-openers are comparatively idle, but the customers throng in as relentlessly as ever.

Among people seen there were Lord Bath, up from lovely Longleat; the Duchess of Devonshire, down from splendid Chatsworth, where the family art treasures are on view until September; Lord Bellew, Lord Lambton, son of Lord Durham; Lord Strafford, Lord Milford Haven, and, distinguished fictitious member of all the American Services, Mr. Errol Flynn.

Mr. Walsh, a gorgeously eighteenth-century character with blazing blue eyes, presides; Wilfred, very much a personality, helps to patrol the three floors where distinguished clients enjoy themselves in an extremely individual atmosphere. Staffordshire china greyhounds recline languidly on ledges; there are big, Victorian-private-house chairs and a team of delightful waiters who are all real people too.

JULY 16.—Dances of greater and greater splendour swiftly follow each other, and the one given by Lady Dufferin and Ava at Hurlingham for her two daughters, the Ladies Caroline and Perdita Blackwood, was one of the grandest of all. Princess Margaret was one of the many people at the dinner party beforehand; Marquesses were represented by Lord and Lady Salisbury and Lord and Lady Normanby; also by Lord and Lady Bath's daughter, Lady Caroline Somerset, who has lately had a baby and was there with her husband, Mr. David Somerset, who works at the Marlborough Gallery, in Bond Street. Before her marriage Lady Caroline worked at Rootes, in Piccadilly. Others at the dance were the hostess's sister, Lady Oranmore and Browne; their niece, Miss Doon Plunket; Lord Hambleden and, among the many débutantes, Lady Annabel Stewart, Lady Carey Coke and Miss Clarissa Chaplin. Princess Margaret's Lady-in-Waiting, Miss Iris Peake, was there too.

JULY 10.—DRESSED FOR THE SUNSHINE. Queen Mary, in splendidly summery clothes, went to Mount Street to visit the Chinese antique shop of Mr. John Sparks, who is seen with her as she left.

JULY 10.—ROYAL GARDEN PARTY. Among the many hundred guests at a Buckingham Palace Garden Party were Major Huskisson and his pretty daughter, Miss Pamela Huskisson.

JULY 11.—BEAUTY FROM NEPAL. The Prince of Nepal and his wife gave a dinner party at the Society. *Left, foreground,* Princess Ali of Murshidabab; *round the table:* the Prince of Nepal, Miss Gyesha Das, Prince Ali of Murshidabab, Mr. M. Banshs, the Princess of Nepal and Mr. R. K. Krosh.

JULY 11.—The wedding of Mr. Bernard Kelly, son of Sir David and Lady Kelly, and the Hon. Mirabel Fitzalan Howard, fourth and youngest daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont, was at Brompton Oratory and the reception afterwards at Claridge's. *On the left* are the bride and bridegroom, whose honeymoon is being spent in the South of France; among the guests were, *centre,* Miss Diana Howard, daughter of Lord and Lady Strathcona; *right,* Miss Bridget Devereux, Mrs. Devereux and her son, Lord Hereford.

JULY 12.—MARRIED AT MASHAM. Miss M. W. Moore, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Moore, married Mr. J. W. Richardson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Richardson; there was a reception afterwards at the bride's home, the Glebe House, Masham.

JULY 14.—BASTILLE DAY IN CHELSEA. Lots of students from France wore National costume at the Bastille Day dance at Chelsea Town Hall. *Left:* Mathieu François with Michelle Baussy. *Right:* The French Ambassador, M. Massigli, with the Mayor of Chelsea, Miss M. K. Cook.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JULY 17.—Showers discouraged no one from going to Bath races, where theatre celebrities, in the ring with their horses were a fairly unusual attraction. Robert Morley, owner of *The Gloomy Sentry*, was impressively talking to his jockey, Charlie Elliot; their race was won by Mr. Melling's *Morning Star*. Vic Oliver, then appearing at the Bath Hippodrome, was luckier winning the Lansdown Stakes with his two-year-old *Kochanka*.

Among the big crowd there were Lieut.-Colonel Giles Loder Major and Mrs. Arthur Smith Bingham; Major Agar-Robartes Lady Nugent and Mr. T. E. B. (Tibby) Clarke, the script writer whose new film, *The Great Titfield*, is being shot at Limpley Stoke, near Bath.

Also on July 17 was the private view of the newly opened Wellington Museum at Apsley House. The present Duke of Wellington generously gave the house and a mass of interesting works of art to the nation in 1947, and now, under the auspices of the Victoria and Albert Museum, they are daily on view to the public.

There are many and various admirable things, including the pictures captured by the great Duke at the Battle of Vittoria in 1813: loot of Joseph Bonaparte's from the Spanish Royal Collections, and found in his baggage train. King Ferdinand VII refused to accept their return, saying to the Duke, *via* the Spanish Ambassador in London, that, "touched by your delicacy, (he does not wish to deprive you of that which has come into your possession by means as just as they are honourable." So there they are at Apsley House.

It is an interesting point that it is the custom of the Grenadier Guards to march at attention across Hyde Park Corner ever since the days when the first Duke lived at Apsley House and made a practice of appearing on the balcony to take the salute, troops of the Brigade being invariably called to attention when passing his home.

There were masses of grey toppers and party clothes at the private view—on people headed for the Royal Garden Party.

JULY 18.—Lord Colwyn, who succeeded his grandfather in 194[illegible] married Miss H. S. O'B. Hoare at noon, and there was a reception afterwards at 15, Grosvenor Square. The bride is a well-known sportswoman and inaugurated ice-hockey in this country and captained the first British women's team in international matches

JULY 16.—AT THE PALACE. The Nepalese Ambassador, with his wife going to the Queen's party for the Diplomatic Corps.

JULY 17.—ROYAL GARDEN PARTY. Among this afternoon's guests at Buckingham Palace were (*left*) the Amir of Bahawalpur State, who is a Major-General in the British Army, and the Begum; (*right*) Phra Bahidda Nukara, the Ambassador to Thailand (Siam), with his wife and daughter.

in London and Paris. She is also top-notch at swimming and squash, having represented Oxford at both when she was there, getting her honours degree. She also holds several deep-sea swimming championships for the mile and two miles, and was a founder member of the Oxford University Gliding Club. Not resting on these laurels, she progressed into business and became, rare for a woman, publicity manager of Ferranti, Ltd., the electrical engineering company. She is a sister of the late Group Captain B. R. O'B. Hoare, D.F.C. and Bar, D.S.O. and Bar, famous as the Intruder Ace in the last war.

JULY 19.—Really glorious racing at Ascot, in splendid weather, which would have made the flimsy dresses worn last Gold Cup day quite cosy. The Queen was all in black, looking very fresh and well, and there was a large crowd of enthusiastic racing people darting about in the sunshine.

The best horses and jockeys were at the top of their form and *Tulyar's* splendid win in the King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Stakes was very popular; he has certainly established himself among the really classic horses of all time. There was an ovation for him and Charlie Smirke, both when they passed the post and when they reached the unsaddling enclosure, where the crowd was so big that the Begum Aga Khan had great difficulty in getting through to greet her husband's small and splendid horse.

Many horses were backed in this exciting race, and a near favourite was *Mdt de Cocagne*, who didn't even start, having been roguishly kicked at the tapes by *Zucchero*. The parade ring seemed full of the Aga's famous colours, and the three runners—*Tulyar*, *Fraise du Bois II.* (owned by the Begum) and *Nuccio*—were all credits to their distinguished ancestry and respective trainers, M. Marsh, H. Wragg and A. Head.

As a pleasant change from the last meeting, the people were more interested in the horses than each other; owners, trainers and their followers bustled purposefully about. The Queen's trainer, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, was there with his very smart wife; Mme. Leon Volterra; Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke; Mr. and Mrs. Philipps, son and daughter-in-law of Lord Milford; and Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan.

One of the owners bluffly insisted upon being allowed into the Press stand: told where he belonged he said he knew! but preferred the view from the writing boys' perch.

JULY 22.—There was a distinguished and cosmopolitan audience at the first night of Indian dancing at the Comedy Theatre, where Miss Shirin Vajifdar and Mr. Krishna Kutty, with their company, are bringing a touch of the mysterious East to the West End.

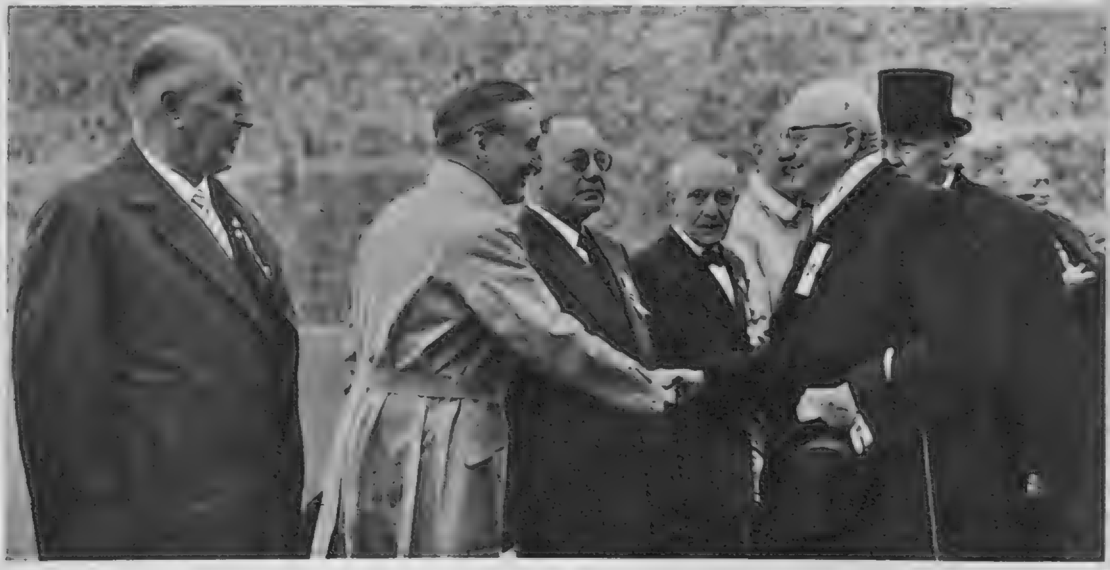
The High Commissioner for India was there with Mrs. Ker; the High Commissioner for Australia, the Afghan Ambassador, the Burmese Ambassador, the Indonesian Ambassador, the Jordan Minister, the Korean Minister, the Yugoslav Ambassador and Mr. Krishna Menon. Apart from the distinguished diplomats there were many artistic and literary addicts to this very individual and appealingly simple form of ballet, among them jolly Mr. Louis Golding, the successful writer who is best remembered for *Magnolia Street*.

JULY 17.—WITH THE BLESSING OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. Mr. Robin P. Younger and Miss Gillian Savory were married in the beautiful chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, which is very rarely used for weddings.

JULY 17. — GARDEN GET-TO-GETHER. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother talking to young Austen Rudge in the garden of Peterborough School, Fulham.

JULY 18.—BOUQUET FOR THE PRINCESS. Princess Margaret opened the new NAAFI club at Plymouth, the seventh permanent one to be built in the U.K. from the Institutes' funds. It replaces Plymouth's previous temporary one and provides first-class hotel facilities for Servicemen.

JULY 18.—PRINCESS AND HER DIARY. Princess Elizabeth de Croy records her dazzling doings in an enormous black book, to the terror of her friends. Here they are at a party.



JULY 19.—THE OLYMPIC GAMES ARE ON. Lord Burghley, at the official opening of the 15th Modern Olympic Games, in which sixty-seven nations are competing, is shaking hands with the President of Finland, Joho Kusti Paasikivi, when the latter met heads of the Olympic delegations.

JULY 19.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN NORWAY. The Duke was greeted with great enthusiasm when he reached Norway by air. He is seen with the King of Norway, who received him, inspecting the Company of Honour.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JULY 22.—At Christ Church, Down Street, Miss Susan Jennife Courtney, daughter of Major Geoffrey Courtney and niece o Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney, married Mr. Pau Daneman, who opened with the Birmingham Repertory Company at the Old Vic the night before, playing Crookback in the brillian production of *King Henry VI., Part Three*. The bride is a grand daughter of the late W. L. Courtney, who was the literary an dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph* and Editor of the famou *Fortnightly*, one of the very best of unhappily bygone literar reviews. Mr. Daneman's Richard Crookback shoots through th play like a sheet of flame and conveys underlying humour as wel

JULY 22.—Goodwood traditionally ends the season and the gir of the year are having their final parties this week before retirin to the country and, in many cases, work. One of the best of th last dances was for Miss Bridget Brew at Hurlingham, given b her father and organised by herself in every detail, including he self-made dress. The beautiful Hurlingham clubhouse was flood lit and fairy-lights spangled the large garden ; the night was warm, the band " hot," and the champagne deliciously cold ; the evenin ended, towards 5 a.m., with fifteen of the " young and lusty " swimming in the pool while others stood and cheered.

Among the pretty girls were Miss Stella Jebb, Miss Susan Senior, Miss Camilla Grinling, a débutante of last year ; Miss Jennife Kirwan, in mauve and silver brocade ; Miss Davina Walford, Miss Ann Bridges-Webb, Miss Julia Blunt-Mackenzie, Mr. Joh Ledlingham and Lord Pollington.

JULY 23.—A gay young cocktail party in Chelsea was anoth of the final dates, with a few grown-ups joining in. Pretty M Derris Kemble came in one of those little tied-on eye-veils wi spangles which the girls love ; Miss Bridget Brew also wore one her brother, Mr. Richard Brew, was among the cheerful you men, also Mr. Ivan de Wesselow, Mr. Ian Collingwood, Mr. Bam Cubitt, in the Grenadier Guards and just off to Germany ; M Patrick Laver, son of distinguished Mr. James Laver and his wif who is Miss Veronica Turleigh, the very accomplished actress, Mr. Christopher Snow, Mr. Henry Villiers, and, more girls, M Rosemary Parker, who has been so much admired and is off America in the autumn ; Miss Shelagh O'Brien, who is amo the lucky ones for whom a good dance has been given ; M Jennifer Kirwan, who is going through the elaborate traini necessary to become a librarian ; Miss Johanna Durran, a débutan of last year ; and Miss Valentine Evers, whose mother, Mrs. S John Evers, was also there.

Mr. David Rawnsley looked in towards the end ; his ne Chelsea Pottery now has seventy club members, including juvenile section.

JULY 22.—THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT CHELSEA BARRACKS. The Duke of Gloucester, who is Colonel of the Regiment, inspected the Scots Guards.

JULY 22.—LAW STUDENT. Miss Shirley Oakes, daughter of the late Sir Harry Oakes, is reading law at Yale University ; she already holds a Vassar degree of B.A., and has been paying England a short visit.

JULY 22.—IN GREENLAND. Queen Ingrid of Denmark, in Greenland National dress, sitting with King Frederik, her husband, during their recent visit to the icy mountains.

JULY 22.—A BRIDE IN MITTENS. Mr. Peter Blake and Miss Susan Morton Hilder were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, with three merry junior bridesmaids and an equally cheerful senior one, all festively draped in lovely flowers.

JULY 22.—A QUIET EVENING OU The Queen is seen leaving the Criter Theatre after sitting in the front r of the dress circle for a performan of *The Young Elizabeth*.

INFORMAL. The bride and bridegroom arriving at the reception with some of the attendants.

FORMAL. The Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Lascelles after their wedding. The bride wore ivory slipper satin and a Brussels lace veil.

THE QUEEN'S COUSIN WEDS

The Hon. Gerald Lascelles, younger son of the Princess Royal and the late Earl of Harewood, married Miss Angela Dowding, daughter of Lady Fox, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 15. The bride was given away by her stepfather, Sir John Fox; the Archdeacon of Westminster, Canon Fox, officiated, assisted by Canon Charles Smyth and the Rev. H. H. Griffith, Vicar of All Saints, Harewood. The four bridesmaids were Miss Prudence Fox, Miss Amanda Theophilus, Miss Mary Evans and Miss Natasha Imeretinsky; young Malcolm Forbes, son of the Master of Forbes and the Hon. Mrs. Nigel Forbes, was the page. The Queen was unfortunately prevented from attending by a chill, but apart from the Royal guests in our photograph, the bridegroom's mother, the Princess Royal, was there; also his brother and sister-in-law, the Earl and Countess of Harewood. There was a reception afterwards at St. James's Palace.

ROYAL GUESTS. The Duchess of Gloucester with Princess Margaret, in the dress she wore for the first day at Ascot, are followed by the Duchess of Kent and the Duke of Edinburgh.

AT THE THEATRE . . . . with J. C. TREWIN

★ First Choice ★

THE GLOBE REVUE

(Globe)

FIRST of all, I am delighted about the name. After a year trying to remember that *The Lyric Revue* was at the Globe, it is a comfort to find that *The Globe Revue* is where it ought to be and not at the Lyric (either Lyric). Do you follow me? There is, I would say, a theme here for Arthur Macrae or Paul Dehn.

Mr. Macrae is once more the senior librettist of the best intimate revue in the West End: a distinction, even though *The Globe* is now the only "amalgam" (as George Benson would say) of its kind, except for the late-night affairs in various entertaining nooks—and, if you must, crannies. I think Mr. Macrae would be ready to admit that the new revue depends less upon the material, neat though much of it is (and ingeniously directed by William Chappell) than upon a variety of uncommonly fine and versatile performances. I might even say Protean performances.

First, there is Dora Bryan (who has a page to herself elsewhere in this issue). Miss Bryan has always been a comedienne of wit and vitality with a happy ear for an accent. She is especially good at what an old farmer I knew used to call canary-talk: that is, a quick, high chirping, a blithe tweet which can be fitted to any accent you like. Dora Bryan can also do the glummer, flatter Cockney; she glories in dog-French and in the most crushingly genteel squawk. It is surprising to watch this comfortable flossy-cosy little actress and to see how she transforms herself in speech and manner and gait. Thanks to her work during the last fourteen or fifteen months, she has become one of our first players in this in-and-out, flash-and-flurry school; and *The Globe Revue* owes much to her. I think particularly of "Information Desk," which must now be an annual event; of the mother in a sketch that seems to have rubbed against something by Tennessee Williams (and that, in another version, can be almost wildly "lounge-hall" and french-window comedy); and of her monstrous dowager engaging a worm of an under-housemaid. In "Waiting for My Friend" she develops the quiet pathos it is fashionable to assume that all major comediennes must have (and that some of them lack).

With Miss Bryan I would put the toothy George Benson, ever ready to tell us about the horrors he has in wait. As a Mr. Bellows, of the Merrythought Agency, he describes with gleeful passion the grim little hole, five miles from Nice, which is nobody's idea of a Continental holiday. Everywhere he manages to be massively, beamingly avuncular. Who next? Maybe Diana Decker, with her "Jewel Song." Maybe Joan Heal, who as a cabaret singer gets stuck on a grand piano, just as in times past she would be wedged in a sedan-chair. Maybe Ian Carmichael, performing an embarrassed wriggling strip-tease on what I feel must be a windy and uncomfortable beach. Or maybe Irlin Hall in a number of parts, though this fine actress has nothing now to match the "Bar aux Folies-Bergère" (after Manet), which was the best thing in *The Lyric Revue*. There is a litter of good ideas. Noël Coward's morris-dancers explain with a savage relish that bad times are just around the corner; Paul Dehn offers his idea of "The Critics"; and there is a Macrae *Cinderella*, with the stark approach of *Dragon's Mouth*, that would be better if it had kept to direct parody and stopped earlier. I must stop now myself.

P.S.—You will have gathered that it is a good evening.

HENRY VI. Part III.

(Old Vic)

THE Birmingham Repertory Company's *Henry VI., Part* 3—a remarkable rarity—has the dynamic force that Stratford acting has lacked so often this summer. From curtain-rise the players drive into the text with a vigour that must delight all Shakespeareans; for that matter, all who refuse to believe that an actor who raises his voice in the theatre must be called "ham" (a silly word that should be forgotten). Sir Barry Jackson must have been gratified by the great first-night ovation—unexampled in recent years at either the Vic or Stratford; and by the knowledge that his company, in Douglas Seale's production (again within the Finlay James triptych) had animated one of the most difficult and seldom-seen of the chronicles. Rosalind Boxall's Margaret, "she-wolf of France," is a white-hot performance: we do not forget her mocking of York in the first act. Richard of Gloucester, devilish and sardonic, is easier, but Paul Daneman comes from the right mould; and Jack May (as the wan King) and Basil Henson (as Edward the Fourth) help to lead an exciting night in Waterloo Road. Once more English Repertory has proved itself; the Birmingham Company has shown how dangerous it is in the theatre to have a purely metropolitan mind.

★ Also Chosen ★

VOLPONE

(Stratford-upon-Avon)

BEN JONSON, always a joy to read (though I don't go around with the Complete Plays under my arm), can come out less well in the theatre. He knew too much; he worked too hard. Whenever we watch a play of his, we have to admit that, for all its intricate craftsmanship, its array of personages, its "humours," its tightly-knit dialogue, it is somehow less effective than we had hoped. There is no sense of spontaneity: instead we think of the dramatist scratching away beside the midnight lamp.

Even so, there are fine things. Jonson was a great word-fancier. He could ride on a surge of phrases. Now and then, *Volpone*, which enters the Stratford repertory for the second time in eight years, can roll in like a billow on the shore. Only consider the first speech in which the Fox of Venice bids good-morning to his gold; and that other passage later on—with a famous phrase, "When she came in like star-light, hid with jewels"—in which Volpone, attempting the seduction of Celia, bursts out (like Epicure Mammon of *The Alchemist*) in a sensuous flare of imagination.

Surge, flare, sensuousness: these words are enough to show what sort of man Volpone should be. He must have immense gusto and force, a lickerish delight in villainy and cozenage, a revelling in the fruits of his craft. Here Sir Ralph Richardson, at Stratford, is not quite right. True, he seems to watch himself with a dry appreciation, chuckling quietly over this sharp move or that. But a Volpone should not be dry and quiet. He should be in a gusty foam, smacking his lips over delights achieved and conquests to come. Richardson fails in the passage with Celia (Siobhan McKenna is quick and accurate here), but he does manage to impress us with the quality of the Fox's mind. His last scene, in the Venetian Court, when the Fox is cornered and prepared for anything, is superbly managed. This is the actor's best work during the season. If only he had a richer voice!

Above the others I am likely to remember Anthony Quayle's Mosca and the Politick Would-Be of Michael Hordern. Mr. Quayle is so strong and forcing a player that we were unprepared for the dark sliminess of his parasitic Mosca. He is called the Fly; I see him as a spider, forever tightening his snaring web. This is excellent: so, too, in its vastly different way, is Michael Hordern's Sir Pol, the Englishman in Venice, determined to know everything, crammed with ridiculous ideas which he will tell to anyone, and always very much the man of affairs, loaded with matters of State, and gravely dignified (until Jonson dooms him to the last ignominious moments under a sham tortoiseshell).

The rest of the acting is competent without many flashes (that has been Stratford's trouble this year): Raymond Westwell's Voltore is perhaps more truly Jonsonian than any of the lesser people, though Michael Bates's Corbaccio is a pleasant cross between Methuselah and any young actor's idea of extreme old age. George Devine, the producer, has looked at Stratford's stage machinery, found it good, and resolved to use it—all of it. So, to the amusement of old hands who recall the Komisarjevsky nights in 1932, the stage proceeds to slide, advance, clash and dip as it did in that dizzy Venice-and-Belmont long ago. I think that Mr. Devine (who has a most promising scenic designer in Malcolm Pride) uses the trick too often.

Present and Future

THERE will be an actress's play at the Strand Theatre to-night (July 30). The authoress is Anne Trego, whom we remember in *Nightmare Abbey*, and her play—in which Guy Rolfe and Frances Hyland appear—is *The Step Forward* (see facing page). Her real name is Anne Trego Gill, and she is of West Country origin. Her father was MacDonald Gill, artist and architect, who designed—among other things—the pictorial maps for the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth*.

THE DUMMY

The star of to-morrow's (July 31) play, *Albert, R.N.*, at the Saville, is a dummy that consists of a papier-mâché head, a steel frame, an old greatcoat, and an officer's cap and blue trousers. The real "Albert" was born in captivity during April 1944 at a prison-camp for naval officers near Bremen; and the play (by Edward Sammis and Guy Morgan) is about one of the celebrated escape devices of the war. Hugh Burden appears as "Albert's" creator in the play; others are Laidman Browne, Humphrey Lestocq and Hugh Latimer. Wallace Douglas produces; and John Worsley, "Albert's" creator, has designed the scenery and constructed the new "Albert."

GETTING AROUND

John Clements and Kay Hammond will open in *The Happy Marriage* at the Duke of York's on August 7. Clements has based the play on a French original; he produces it, takes the lead, and presents it (with Anthony Vivian). But he has not designed the scenery. . . . Pinero's *In Chancery*, with Reginald Purdell, begins at the Arts to-morrow night (July 31). . . . Charles Morgan's *The River Line*, one of the Edinburgh Festival plays, comes on September 2 to the Lyric, Hammersmith, with Pamela Browne, Paul Scofield and Marjorie Fielding.

1. Mary (Frances Hyland) refuses to take a phone message from her husband in spite of Peggy's (Sheila Keith's) pleading.

2. Mary and her new employer, Mr. Langdon (Guy Rolfe), drink to the success of her job. Mrs. Langdon (Gillian Lind) looks on.

3. Philip Langdon (Derek Farr), her employer's younger brother, makes love to Mary, who is fascinated, but tells him to go away.

OPENING TO-NIGHT

A "Sketch" Theatre Preview of *The Step Forward*

4. Miss McClaren (Alexis France) wrecks a promised seduction scene by arriving and insisting on reading French poetry.

Anne Trego, a young actress, has written her first play, called *The Step Forward*, which opens at the Strand Theatre to-night (July 30). In this, Mary Silver (Frances Hyland), having left her husband, goes to an Essex cottage as secretary to a man writing the life of a little-known French poet. All seems to go well for a time in Essex. She likes her job and she likes her employer (Guy Rolfe). But it is no question of love—although her employer's wife seems rather dubious—until an assured young man, who is in the advertising business, descends suddenly upon Magnolia Cottage. At this point we wonder what will happen next : it is better to let playgoers speculate for themselves about the way in which Mary takes a step forward.

No doubt the "life" was finished . . . but we can speculate about that as well.

5. Mr. Langdon remonstrates with his brother, but his wife teases him with a smile that criticises his over-seriousness.

6. Mr. Langdon interrupts and breaks up a final attempt by his brother to persuade Mary to run away with him.

7. Mary has resolved her doubts and thanks her employer for his help : an awkward moment to explain to Mrs. Langdon.

Mr. Hamel-Smith making up his son Nicholas, who played the part of Iphigenia.

Later Mrs. Hamel-Smith took a turn and helped her son with his beautiful wig.

A spectacular moment during the play, which deals with mo
Orestes and Electra and daughter of Agamemnon. Here, in p
soldiers, then Orestes, bound, and more tor

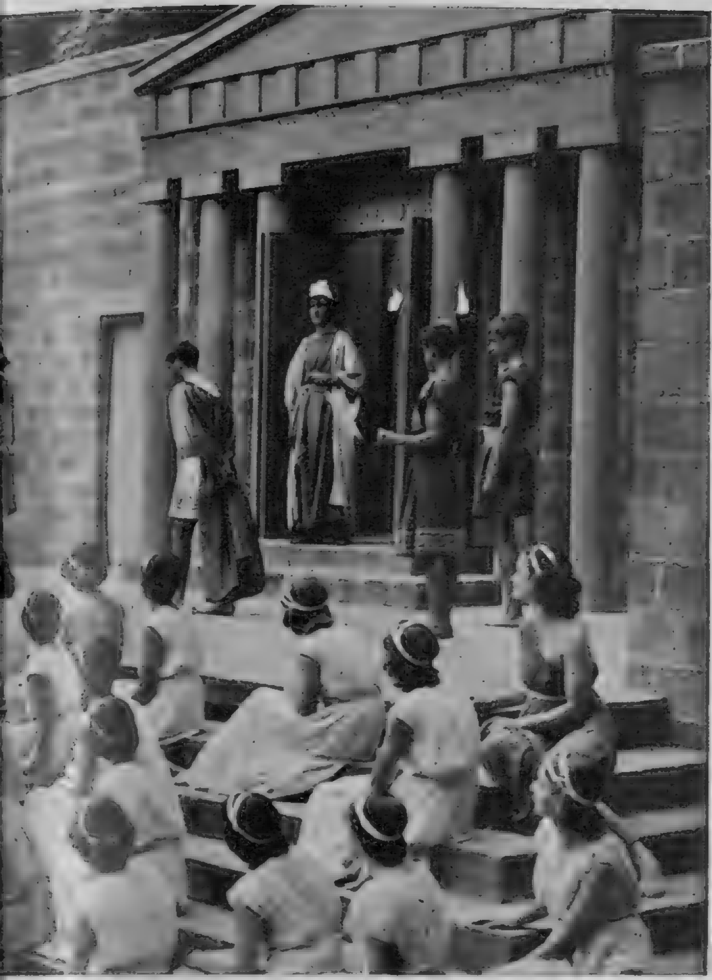
Sun-tan was applied from a bucket ; willing junior boys helped with the task of transforming the cast into people from sunny Greece, where this ancient play was first performed in 413 B.C.

The procession passes out through the auditorium. Among the other leading players were G. B. Cobbold as Pylades, and J. B. Whitwell as Chorus Leader. Our photographs were taken at the 5 p.m. daylight performance on July 18 ; the one at 8 p.m. on the following evening was floodlit.

Mr. W. S. H. Cowley supervising the make-up of Orestes, played by John Cotton.

Mr. David Briggs, the producer, with Sir John Sheppard, Provost of King's College, Cambridge.

EURIPIDES AT BRYANSTON



classic figures of Greek drama. Iphigenia was a sister of ... is the heroine, preceded by torch-bearers; then come two ...s. Orestes was played by J. W. Cotton.

The Corps de Ballet came from Cranbourne Chase School, sister-school to Bryanston. Miss Decima Grant, the solo dancer who played the spirit of Iphigenia, is powdering the faces of some of the others.

Miss Decima Grant is doing her solo dance, barefooted in the classical Greek tradition.

Timothy Gee, as Pallas Athene, with matrons who made the clothes, and R. Bryson.

G. B. Cobbold, all dressed-up and ready to play Pylades, with his mother, Mrs. G. F. Cobbold.

Mr. Harold F. Ramsey, who composed the music for the play, with the conductor, Mr. Paul Rogers.

Mr. Paul Rogers, principal music master at Bryanston, conducting the school orchestra and the chorus from the Durweston and Stourpaine Choral Society. The authenticity of this modern Greek theatre includes stone tiers for seats, but cushions were kindly provided for the audience.

The *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Euripides is in many ways unique among Greek plays, being neither tragedy nor comedy, but romance, rarely indulged in by the highly cultivated ancient world. The beautiful Greek Theatre at Bryanston School, in Dorset, was built in 1950 on the traditional lines, and was the first theatre built in England since the war. Boys at the school performed the play in Greek on July 18 and 19; the choral interludes were sung in English by members of the Durweston and Stourpaine Choral Society. Special music was composed for the performance by Mr. Harold F. Ramsey, a music master at the school, and the conductor of the school orchestra was Mr. Paul Rogers. The play was very successfully produced by Mr. David Briggs, with the orchestra and chorus, which play an important part in Greek drama, placed at the left side of the stage.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By Louis T. Stanley

The Open Championship

THE Open Championship is the high-spot of the golf season. Tournament stake-money on the other side of the Atlantic may have thinned the American entry, but the prestige value of winning the Open title is as high as ever. Unfortunately, the experience is one that home players know little about. We see the trophy once a year for a few days, then back it goes into the familiar box for another trip overseas. This year was no exception. For the third time in four years the trophy goes to South Africa in the luggage of Bobby Locke.

I don't begrudge him the honour. Why should I? He earned it the hard way by superior shot-making on the days that counted. His total aggregate of 287 gave him the vital stroke margin over Peter Thomson, the young Australian champion. What I find disturbing is the poor showing by the younger school of home professionals. It would be truer to say that they failed miserably. This year the overseas entry was comparatively small and not all that strong. None of the American top-liners made the trip, yet our fellows were still crowded out of the top of the table. Those that managed to make the grade were veterans. Fred Daly started the last day with an invaluable four-stroke lead, but frittered his chances away. Henry Cotton, emerging out of semi-retirement, did magnificently to finish in fourth place. Sam King needed one shot more on the 295-mark, in spite of having a minor ear operation the day before. All very encouraging, but why should it be necessary for a couple of old-stagers and an invalid to stem an invading challenge. What happened to the string of promising youngsters? Something must be wrong with our training methods, not only golf, but almost every sport . . . lawn tennis, athletics, boxing, in fact any sport in which a man has to stand on his own two legs. We are potential world beaters until we venture into the international arena.

In contests like the Walker Cup, the Davis Cup, or Olympic football, an excuse is always at hand. We are amateurs. Our opponents . . . nice fellows though they undoubtedly are . . . take their sport so seriously that they must be ranked as semi-professionals. The match is one-sided before it starts. Defeated we may be, but our halo still shines. How nice to be genuine week-end players, conscious of our amateur status.

Whenever I hear that sort of argument I feel inclined to say that the spelling of "week-end" is wrong.

I fail to see why the cultivation of an aggressive will to win should be construed as a professional prerogative, yet that is what many people would have us believe. I came across an instance of this "closed-shop" attitude a few weeks ago. A well-known golf official told me that if he had his way no amateur would be allowed to play with or against a professional. To do so would cancel out his amateur status. The preaching went on for a considerable time . . . glorifying amateur status and damning anything that smacked of professionalism. Our conversation ended abruptly when I pointed out that as his success in the world of business was mainly due to the contacts he made through holding an official position in the world of golf, I regarded him as a blatant pseudo-amateur.

There was no alibi at Lytham. The Open Championship lives up to its name. It is open to the world. The best golfer, amateur or professional, collects the spoils. On paper we had a strong entry, but when the chips were down, the initiative fizzled out like a damp squib. On this showing our chances in next year's Ryder Cup match are indeed poor.

I was glad an official warning was issued on the vexed question of slow play. The player on this occasion was Bobby Locke, but the identity of the individual is unimportant. The main thing is to eliminate dawdling. I know that some players need longer to concentrate and make up their mind. Genuine cases of indecision call for sympathy, but the interests of everybody in the field must be considered. Prolonged examination of the line of a putt can cause a hold-up right through the field, and nothing is more upsetting or infuriating than to cool one's heels in a shot-playing queue. Many a chance is ruined through enforced waiting that breaks concentration. I would go even further than the present interpretation of the ruling. Should a player be warned officially, then a repetition of the tendency, in the same or any other event that season, should result in disqualification.

A Brilliant Record

Normally I scorn people who take their sport by radio or television. Circumstances made it impossible for me to be at Ascot for the King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, so there was no alternative. I sat by the television screen. The result was a grandstand close-up from start to finish. We saw the paddock parade. The delay and excitement at the start caused by the temperamental *Mat de Cocagne*, whom the starter quite rightly left at the gate. *Le Sage*, with Gordon Richards, could be seen under pressure as the field moved into the straight. It was interesting to watch Smirke on *Tulyar* biding his time as *Le Sage* and *Gay Time* made the pace. I felt that Piggott asked *Gay Time* to make his effort a shade too soon, for shortly afterwards *Tulyar* came through strongly. Piggott tried again, reduced the leeway, but Smirke had the situation under control and gained the verdict by a neck.

Tulyar (C. Smirke) wins the King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Stakes from *Gay Time* and *Worden II.*

Tulyar's record makes welcome reading after the post-war French successes. Six successive victories, netting £59,351 in one season, places him well on top. No other horse has won such stake-money. *Coronach* held the previous record of £39,624 in 1926. *Supreme Court* was not far behind last year with £36,016. *Isinglass* held the highest aggregate for a racehorse in Britain with £57,455 won between 1892–1895.

Tulyar is a stout-hearted little horse who in due course will introduce a strong strain in British breeding. No small praise must go to Smirke, who, after wasting, went to the scale at 8st. 6lb. (2lb. overweight) and rode such a well-timed race. Even more remarkable is the way Marcus Marsh has succeeded in keeping *Tulyar* at needle-pitch in spite of the persistent hard going. I felt apologetic about watching the race on television. On the other hand, I was in good company. The trainer's mother, Mrs. Richard Marsh, did likewise.

Fallacy of Big-Fight Cheques

A few days ago I shared a radio discussion with Len Harvey. We talked about many topics of the ring, past and present. I asked him if he ever felt a trifle envious of the outsize cheques that change hands in modern championship fights. His answer was simple. "Not on your life. When I fought, the purchasing power of the pound was greater and taxation was not nearly so bad. My £5,000 was much better than the fantastic figures we hear about to-day. By the time expenses and tax have been deducted, there's precious little left. I still maintain that my £5,000 was a better proposition." Well, Harvey ought to know, though I must admit that at face-value the present-day returns are staggering. Merely for statistical interest, here are a few figures from the last fight between Randolph Turpin and Sugar Ray Robinson. The attendance was 61,370. Gross gate receipts: £274,152. Gross receipts (including film and television rights): £362,439. Taxes took £90,895. The promoters collected £149,918. Robinson's share was £81,773. Turpin's £68,145. He had held the title for 64 days. In the light of this evidence, the promoters seem to fare best in a million-dollar fight.

An Indian Eclipse

The Indian Test side suffered a certain amount of indignity at Manchester when they were bustled out for 58 and 82. Critics moan about the lack of brighter cricket. Well, here it was in a big way. Twenty-two wickets fell in roughly four and a half hours' play. The trouble is that too much has been read into the victory. We are asked to believe that a winning combination has been discovered overnight that will skittle out the Australians when they come here next summer. Honesty compels the admission that we have been flattered by poor opposition. That must not detract from Trueman's feat of taking eight for 31. No other bowler has had such a Test average for England for 39 years. The bowler then was S. F. Barnes, who went to town against South Africa at Johannesburg. His figures read: nine for 103 and eight for 56, a total of seventeen for 159. Only two other bowlers have ever collected eight wickets in a Test innings: G. A. Lohmann—nine for 28, England *versus* South Africa, 1895-96; and A. A. Mailey—nine for 121, Australia *versus* England at Melbourne, 1920–21. In that sense Trueman made cricketing history. Much more important, he looks as if he has come to stay. His bowling is faster and straighter than at the beginning of the season. Trueman's presence against Australia will be stimulating. Another encouraging feature about the Manchester Test was the improvement in the field. The close fielding at times was brilliant.

The Indians are a forceful side when the outlook is bright, but they have a woeful tendency to fold up under pressure. The wet pitch at Old Trafford proved their undoing, as it would have been to any visiting side. Given the same conditions against Australia and the odds are that the Ashes would be left behind.

Oxford Papers Please Copy!

In case the fact has been overlooked by the *Isis*, the Gentleman's eleven for the match against the Players contained eight Cambridge men!

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

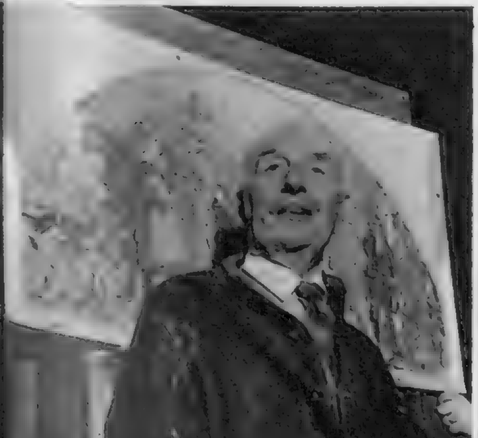
TWO CONQUERORS OF THE AIR:

MR. CYRIL GREGORY (*left*) : For winning the King's Cup in a second-hand aerial runabout ; and (*right*) MR. PHILIP WILLS : For being described as "the greatest human bird we have ever produced."

Flying a ten-year-old 90-h.p. Taylorcraft monoplane which he bought for £350 at the end of the war to use for business trips, Mr. Gregory won with 200 yards to spare. (*Right*) Mr. Philip Wills (sitting in the cockpit), a veteran glider, recently won the world's glider championship in Spain. Two years ago he won Britain's highest flying honour, the Britannia Trophy.

IAN APPLEYARD AND HIS WIFE : For winning the first Alpine Gold Cup.

Mr. and Mrs. Appleyard, who recently completed the arduous 2000-mile Alpine Rally course for the third year without losing a mark, are the first people to be awarded the Gold Cup presented to competitors winning three Alpine Cups in succession.



PROFESSOR GERALD MOIRA : For restoring, at eighty-five years of age, the Old Bailey murals, which he originally painted at thirty.

Professor Moira pauses for a moment in front of the now almost completed new murals. His original ones were damaged by bombs.

AN ANONYMOUS UNDERGRADUATE : For restoring the traditional wooden chair-leg to Trinity College's (Cambridge) King Henry VIII.

When this statue of Henry VIII, was recently reinstated with a sceptre, an undergraduate replaced it with the traditional gilded chair-leg.

HARROVIAN D. J. HULBERT : For putting Hulbert's Match on a par with Fowler's Match.

In two spells of bowling during the Eton and Harrow match, 17-year-old Dennis Hulbert completely unnerved the Eton batsmen, taking 8 wickets for 36 in 20 overs—a feat which ranks with the historic Fowler's Match of yesteryear.

F. TRUEMAN : For being the first England fast bowler to take 8 wickets in a first innings.

In the first innings of the third Test match against India at Old Trafford, F. Trueman took 8 wickets for 31. There has been no better Test average for 39 years.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

DOES NARCOM mean anything to you? Probably not; and, unless it is your business to keep your ear pretty close to the ground in all things televisionic, there is no reason why it should. Not at the moment, that is.

But there may come a day when it will mean a great deal to you—when it may affect your whole way of life—when it will change your entire outlook. Propaganda can do that.

For NARCOM is a scheme for the "trans-atlantic conveyance of television pictures." In fact, it is more than a scheme; it has reached the blue-print stage, according to an official statement in the latter half of last May. There is a body of responsible opinion, including ourself, to whom this is not at all good news. We would go even further and admit to being alarmed.

Oh, we know this seems pretty odd, coming from someone who has consistently urged and applauded the international exchange of television. But notice we use the word "exchange." NARCOM, we suspect, is primarily designed for one-way traffic, from West to East.

But let us begin at the beginning. And it begins with the governmental acceptance—in principle—of sponsored television in this country. Nothing can be done about it at the moment, owing to the Defence programme, and so forth. But one day, whether it is a matter of months or years, it will be possible to erect a chain of television transmitters for the broadcasting of commercial programmes.

Next we hear of a meeting, in Washington, between representatives of the State Department, the Defence Department, the Federal Communications Division, the Research Development Board and the National Bureau of Standards. The list of debaters is not without interest.

A little over a month later, they announced their blue-print. It is for a cable-cum-radio-link system, spanning the Atlantic from the U.S.A. to the British Isles, *via* Canada, Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, the Faroes and the Shetlands. Thence, it would be a comparatively simple step across the English Channel to reach the Continental countries as well.

That this is no pipe-dream is proved by the fact that the whole scheme has been carefully costed in detail, and adds up to something like £18,000,000.

A large sum. But is it such a prohibitive one, when the potential returns are considered? For television is the most powerful advertising medium known, and it requires a minimum of reasoning power to deduce that once a British and European network is available for American-sponsored programmes, the British and European markets will be wide open to American commerce.

That does not merely mean an extension of world trade competition. It could also mean the systematic Americanisation, through television, of our own country, and those of our neighbours on the mainland, in order to increase the demand for American goods. Indeed, Britain is already the subject of considerable influence from across the Atlantic—and not all of it is beneficial. It would be a tragedy if television were to be the means whereby Wall Street could turn us all into quasi-Americans, in order to line its gigantic pocket.

Are we being unduly alarmist? Surely sponsored television, in this country, will be run by British companies? We wonder if one can be sure of that. We wonder if some American capital might not find its way into those British companies and influence their policy. We wonder if recorded programmes might not be piped across the Atlantic, and of such attractive content and at such an attractive price that it would be lunacy to refuse to broadcast them in Great Britain.

But we are certain that NARCOM deserves the lift of a weather eye.

ON the other hand, one had to *shut* one's eye to a deal of amateurishness as the Paris-London television week wore on. No doubt the odd few facets of French life which emerged as incidentals were interesting to those who had not experienced them and nostalgic to those who have. But as our job is to comment on programmes and their presentation, we have to record that we found them unimaginative, by and large, and produced without any marked show of efficiency.

However, technically the experiment was very worth while, and it is pleasant to report that a move is being made to perpetuate the Anglo-French link and to make it work both ways. Plans are also afoot to add more tele-vision tentacles, for several countries have asked for facilities to take our broadcast of the most important event of the world—the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

There may be some doubts in our mind that *Arrow to the Heart* (from the novel by Albrecht Goes, written and produced by Rudolph Cartier) was an overall good play. There is little doubt that piecemeal it was very moving. And there is absolutely no doubt that Robert Harris, as a German Army chaplain, visiting a German military prison, gave one of the finest performances of his distinguished career. To the producer, Mr. Cartier (aided by Douglas Moodie), we would tender the advice that it is possible to be *too* slick in television.

Which brings us to a really masterly example of television production. It came from Campbell Logan, who, with his four players, Vivienne Bennett, Muriel Pavlov, Ronald Ward and Clive Morton, made *The Mollusc*, the Edwardian comedy by Hubert Henry Davies, a delightful chucklesome affair. Less well-handled, or played by less intelligent actors, it might have been a far-fetched bore. But in this case the over-statement was of the lightest touch and no one was guilty of burlesquing burlesque.

We are sorry that the documentary series *The Rising Twenties* has finished. The human problems of adolescence made interesting material, and the important lesson—that you must be infinitely patient and understanding with modern youth—will no doubt have stuck in the minds of thousands of parents, school-teachers and others who come in contact with those painful growing-up years in the mass. But perhaps it is as well that the series has finished, for signs of self-conscious acting and a slide over to pure drama were creeping in. However, many congratulations to Caryl Doncaster, who produced the series most brilliantly.

ANGLO-FRENCH TELEVISION WEEK. Nina Vyroubova and the Corps de Ballet of the Paris Opera featured in a variety programme which came from a "lash-up" studio improvised on the second platform of the Eiffel Tower.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

WE naturally assume that every *Sketch* viewer is the proud possessor of a licence for their television sets. However, it is estimated that there are between 100,000 and 200,000 "pirate" installations. If you should happen to be one of them you will have the doubtful pleasure, to-night (July 30), of seeing how the Post Office go about finding you out, in *Are You a Pirate?* Perhaps it might be more dignified to buy a licence.

With *The Three Hostages* finished to everyone's satisfaction, the new serial is to be *Eight to a Bar*, by Godfrey Harrison. John Slater will be in the lead and the production by Douglas Moodie. The first of six parts will be next Saturday (August 2).

The very welcome film-star invasion of television continues when Ann Todd plays the lead in *Her Royal Highness*, a play by Felix Salten, dealing with the rather trying adventures of Princess Louise of Coburg. Others in the cast are Aubrey Dexter, Harry Andrews, Sydney Tafler, Pat Nye and David Markham. Production by Eric Fawcett. Dates: August 3 and 7.

August 5 is another important play date, for Michael Barry, the head of Television Drama, will himself be producing *A Cradle of Willow*, by Dorothy Wright. It is a kind of allegorical Nativity play, set in the Fens in the thirteenth century. There is a long cast list, including Robert Speaight, Rosemary Harris, Maureen Pryor and Catherine Lacey.

For the lighter-hearted, a new series of half-hour comedy shows begins to-night (July 30). It is *My Wife Jacqueline*, with Joy Shelton and Leslie Phillips; and apparently it's very domestic and gay.

THE TEMPTATION OF BRAHMA

The colourful impact of Shirin Vajifdar and Krishna Kutty on London theatregoers will be remembered for years to come. In their current programme at the Comedy, their ballet *The Birth of Urvashi*, pictured here, touches the sublime. This tells of the temptation of the Supreme God, Brahma, who, having created the Universe, sits in inward contemplation. But the apsaras (celestial nymphs) are in mischievous mood and endeavour to tempt him from meditation. He resists the blandishments of Longing and Anger, but is roused by the seductive approach of Passion, who lures him into a dance of desire (*above*). Realising his mistake, he spurns the apsaras, creates for their guidance the ideal nymph, Urvashi, dances with her a dance of grace (*bottom left*) and casts a spell of happiness over the Universe. The dancers seen here are Krishna Kutty (Brahma), Roshan Vajifdar (Passion), Shirin Vajifdar (Urvashi), Mrinalini (Anger) and Khurshed Vajifdar (Longing).

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

With a tricky wind, boats competing for the Prince of Wales Cup seem to be jibbing in all directions. In the foreground, *left to right*, are *Thunder and Lightning* (K409 ; J. Winter), a winner in a previous race, Messrs. George and Harry Bennion in *Playful* (K570), which eventually finished fourth, and *Star Shadow* (K624 ; H. F. Williams), another previous winner.

The Prince of Wales Cup

Break for tea. At the table in the foreground are Mrs. J. Simms and Mrs. Angela Woods. At the table behind are Miss J. Gatti, Mr. Poole (with his back to the camera) and Mr. Beresford.

Sir William Acland, Bt., discusses the problem of "Protests" with Captain Currey, R.N., whose son Charles has been dinghy racing at the Olympic Games.

Lady Acland presents the Prince of Wales Cup to the winner, A. M. Martin, while J. Westall, who crewed for Mr. Martin, looks on. Standing next to Lady Acland is her husband, Sir William Acland.

The Commodore, Sir William Acland (*left*), with Lady Acland, his son Mr. David Acland, Mrs. Peter Tabor, his daughter, who won the Morgan Giles Challenge Cup, and her husband, Mr. Peter Tabor.

Mr. de Berniere Smith comes into the clubhouse with news of the race for (*l. to r.*) Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Whitcombe, Mr. Wyndham Ricketts, Lieut.-Colonel Ross Hime and Colonel Gilbert Simpson.

Bronzed and salty yachting enthusiasts recently gathered at Seaview, Isle of Wight, for the Prince of Wales Cup Week (July 14-19). This cheerful meeting for International 14-ft. sailing dinghies is held at different yacht clubs each year, and Seaview Clubhouse was full of the comings and goings of yachtsmen and yachtswomen in rolled-up jeans and oilskins from all parts of the country. The small "Internationals" had a tough time tossing about in the Prince of Wales Cup on July 17, which was the "big event," and of the thirty-three starters, only seventeen completed the fifteen-mile course. Mr. A. M. Martin, of the Exe S.C., battled successfully with the elements to win in his *Nordicus.* Most people agreed that it was a wonderful day's sailing, and spectators had the added interest of watching the rescue boats busy righting capsized dinghies!

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Occupied with the serious business of tea on the clubhouse "deck" are (*l. to r.*) Mr. E. J. Coles (Rear-Commodore), Mr. Geoffrey Royal, Mr. C. W. Dawson, Mr. de Berniere Smith and Mr. Wyndham Ricketts.

The first six home in the Prince of Wales Cup, with their crews sitting in front of them, are (*l. to r.*) P. R. Tabor and Mrs. Tabor (sixth), D. Clarke and D. Acland (fifth), A. M. Martin and J. Westall (winners), S. H. G. Waters and A. Farrar (second), E. Bruce Wolfe and T. Pearson (third), and G. Bennion and H. Bennion (fourth). *Right:* The committee boat cruises about during the racing.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

Aan (*Rialto*)

Aan was not originally intended for exhibition in this country. It was brought to England simply for re-recording, processing and other laboratory work. "The writing, the planning, the scenario," says its Indian director, "are all the work of Indians for audiences of Indians. The psychology, the behaviour, the portrayals are all of the East, as truly as are the appearance of the actors, the décor, the dancing, the dress." The music, of which there is a great deal, since everybody in *Aan* seems ready to burst into song on the slightest provocation, is described as "still Indian, though showing traces of Western overtones." That is to say, it strikes the western ear as somewhat odd but recognisably tuneful, and we can understand why the composer has been invited to write the scores for more than fifty films and why his records should be selling by the million.

This strange film, then, came to England to be prepared for its première in Bombay in August. But the whisper went through from the laboratories that *Aan* was something out of the common, and the result is its public exhibition in London. The version we can see here has been cut by an hour from its original length (the Indians like long films), but still provides two-and-a-quarter hours of vivid sensation. I am sure it is no exaggeration to say that most of us have never experienced anything like *Aan* in the whole course of our lives.

The title would seem to be untranslatable. It has been variously rendered as "Dignity," "Honour," "Pride," "Integrity" and "Prestige." The story that goes with it, however, is quite easy to follow in spite of the obvious cuts, and in spite of the fact that the dialogue is in Hindi. Out of an enormous cast, there are only five characters that actively concern us. On the one hand is the peasant hero, and his peasant sweetheart. On the other hand is the villain, a lascivious Prince, and his imperious sister. The Prince lays his evil schemes to seduce the peasant girl: the peasant, in return, plans to break the haughty spirit of the Princess. Holding the balance between the two parties is a kindly Raj, who has turned democratic in his old age, abdicates, shams dead, puts on a false beard, and mixes with the crowds like Haroun-al-Raschid, returning just in time to prevent a general holocaust, and hand over the country to the people.

It is impossible to convey the full effect of *Aan* on paper, but you should get near to imagining it if you think of a mixture of De Mille spectacle, Fairbanks acrobatics, Lilian Harvey musical, and almost every Pearl White serial, done with practically non-stop song and dance in predominating shades of mustard-yellow, lime-green, vermilion and magenta. It is wild, woolly, strenuous, savage, lurid, exotic and utterly preposterous, but it does whip up a naïve excitement that has almost been lost to the screen.

Gift Horse (*Empire*)

Gift Horse is another of those belated war films which, in spite of their heroic intentions, some of us are beginning to feel we could do without. It has a fictional story based in parts on fact, and the climax is a reminder of the combined operational raid on the port of St. Nazaire in March, 1942.

H.M.S. *Ballantrae*—the Gift Horse of the title—is one of the fifty over-age American destroyers transferred to Britain in the grim days of 1940. She seems to be something on the lines of the *Old Superb*—

The Old Superb was barnacled and green as grass below;
Her sticks were only fit for stirring grog;
The pride of all her midshipmen was silent long ago;
And long ago they ceased to heave the log.

Not quite as bad as that, of course, but shabby, antiquated and perverse in her behaviour, a source of chagrin and embarrassment to her new crew, and a butt for the ribaldry of ratings from other ships. The picture shows how the officers and men who sail in her grudgingly come to love her, and follows the fortunes of the old tub from her humiliating first action in the Atlantic to her glorious end at St. Nazaire, ramming the lock-gates with a cargo of Commandos and 5 tons of high explosive.

No film dealing with such a subject can fail to have its moments of excitement and induce a certain glow of pride, and the operational detail seems, at least to my inexpert eye, authentically and convincingly done. The real trouble with *Gift Horse*, apart from a rather monotonous pace and undistinguished dialogue, is the staleness of the personal stories it has been thought necessary to introduce. I, at any rate, am getting very tired of that old plot about the misunderstood commander who is disliked and feared by his men, until they discover he has been a jolly good chap all the time. I am also getting tired of comic A.B.s in pubs, and bad news received at parties with a stiff upper-lip.

For these things to be effective nowadays, they have to be superlatively done, and the performances in *Gift Horse*, under Compton Bennett's direction, are not all that choice. In many cases it is clearly not the actors' fault, but lack of any real character on which to get a grip. James Donald, for instance, as the ship's First Lieutenant, has a part that seems to have been introduced simply as a love interest, and not a very interesting interest at that; while Richard Attenborough, as a trades-union leader turned seaman, has considerably less material to work with than he had in his very first film, *In Which We Serve*.

Trevor Howard, as the Commander, and Dora Bryan (see page 117 for some of her current characterisations) as a wistful canteen waitress who consoles a lonely American sailor, get the best opportunities, and use them to the full. Joan Rice, whom we last saw as Maid Marian in Disney's *Robin Hood*, appears as the Wren officer and Admiral's daughter who shares Mr. Donald's romance. Miss Rice is a pretty girl, with nice big eyes, but I can't feel it would really *impede* her career if she learnt a little more about speech and acting.

Penny Princess (*Leicester Sq. Theatre*)

Penny Princess, with the lively blonde American star, Yolande Donlan, is an arch-British comedy that seems resolved to be funny all the time or die.

Miss Donlan plays a New York sales-girl, who inherits a small Ruritanian principality called Lampidorra, just where France, Italy and Switzerland join. Lampidorra is bankrupt, but Miss Donlan, with the help of an English salesman educated at Harrow and King's College, Cambridge (Dirk Bogarde), manages to put it on its feet again by exporting, both legally and illegally, a local product known as schneeze. This is a round, rosy cheese (the film is in Technicolor) containing a mixture of sheep's milk, schnapps and holly berries. Its main appeal is that a couple of bites will make the consumer happily tight.

Val Guest, who wrote, produced and directed *Penny Princess*, worries the comic possibilities of his frail plot with a determination worthy of a better cause. He simply cannot bring himself to leave the wretched joke alone. He goes at it in the opening lines of commentary—"Next time you pass Mont Blanc, take the second turning on the right and keep straight on"—and never lets it rest until the final fade-out. His script is unwearyingly coy, indomitably facetious, and although some of his devices are ingenious—it is hard not to enjoy the shots of cheeses rolling down a complicated Heath Robinson chute across the frontier—the total effect may seem, to some tastes, both tedious and common. The film has the benefit of a nice, tuney theme-song, "It's a Fine, Fine Night," which is almost exactly as jolly as "It's a Grand Night for Singing," heard in Hollywood's *State Fair* a few years ago.

AAN. A typical scene from this all-Indian film, which was designed only for Indians and was never intended for showing to the western world.

GIFT HORSE. H.M.S. *Ballantrae*, the "gift horse" of the film, limps back to Plymouth with one engine out of action and fouls the boom as she enters the Sound.

INformation . . .

Who is Dora Bryan ?

The comedienne who effortlessly carries the new Globe Revue on her attractive shoulders.

Where Did She Come From ?

From Lancashire through straight comedy—remember her as the amiably amoral mopsy in *Accolade* ?—to the old Lyric Revue at the Globe.

Where is She Going ?

To the top rank of English comediennes.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

The blithe spirit at the hotel information desk who spreads dismay and confusion with the best intentions.

The mistress of the (Victorian) house, embarked on the tedious business of engaging the services of a tweenie.

Wot ! no shilling for the meter ! An outrageous burlesque of the heroine of Terence Rattigan's *The Deep Blue Sea.*

Correctly costumed but somewhat unlikely Japanese girl in a riotous *South Pacific* version of *Madame Butterfly.*

The touch of true pathos in "Waiting for My Friend," which recalls some of the great moments of Charlie Chaplin.

The little old lady of Grosvenor Square who has some cosy advice on getting the better of the ration book.

Way Down in Tennessee (Williams): "Mother" in a child's guide to the death-and-destruction school of current drama.

THE STREET, by Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, is patrolled by people of fashion, far gone in bygone elegance.

L'ARLÉSIENNE, by Vincent van Gogh. The women of Arles have a reputation for beauty.

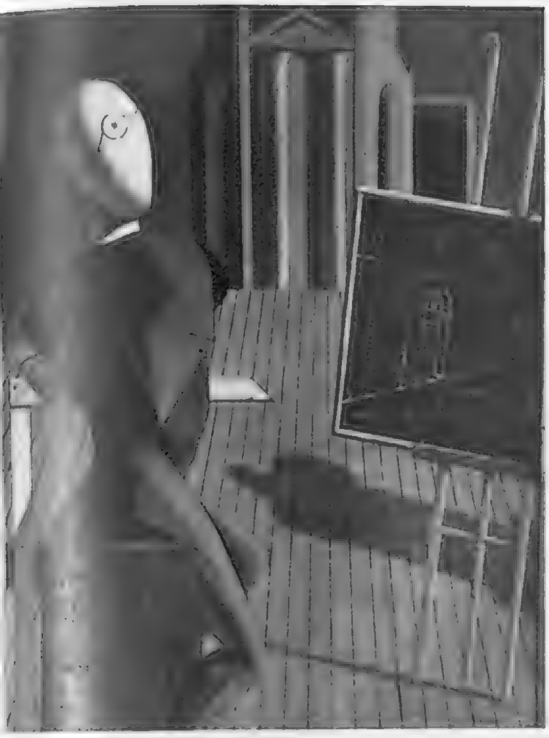
BAIGNEUSE BLONDE, by August Renoir. Innocence and voluptuousness rather heavily combined.

HEAD, by Naum Gabo, is a curious piece of plastic.

ELEGANCE, ARROGANCE, INNOCENCE, SOPHISTICATION, AND SAVAGERY

Some of the greatest painters of our time make their comments upon all time in the exhibition of XXth Century Masterpieces which is being shown by the Arts Council at the Tate Gallery until August 17. The collection comes from the Musée d'Art Moderne, Paris, where it has been shown during May and June. The ninety-five paintings

THE DREAM, by Henri Rousseau, is one of the most splendid and endlessly delightful works of this great master. Enormous, gorgeously colo[ured] and beautifully painted, it is a dream that could only have been dreamed by a genius.



THE PROPHET, by Giorgio de Chirico. The famous Italian painter of horses turns to sadder stuff with this cloth-headed prophet.

and eleven sculptures are the personal choice of James Johnson Sweeney, of New York, and it is particularly interesting for the British public that many of these very important works have never before been seen in London.

BOY WITH BUTTERFLY NET, by Henri Matisse. More innocence, of a less immediately attractive kind, about this slightly oafish boy.

A WOMAN POWDERING HERSELF, by Georges Seurat. The French title, *La Poudreuse*, is perhaps a prettier one for this delightfully smug and self-absorbed lady at her favourite task.

THE RUNNING DOG, by Giacoma Balla. The darling little dog seems to be made of tulle to match its mistress's dress; both would be well cast in a chic, animated cartoon.

OUR BOOKSHELF

CUPID AND THE JACARANDA. By Sacheverell Sitwell. (*Macmillan ; 24s.*)
TWO GENTLEMEN OF ROME. By Ernest Raymond. (*Cassell ; 18s.*)
WIDOW CHUAN. Retold by Lin Yutang from Lao Hsiang. (*Heinemann ; 9s. 6d.*)
HE WAS FOUND IN THE ROAD. By Anthony Armstrong. (*Methuen ; 12s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

A NEW book by Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, *Cupid and the Jacaranda,* makes the fifth in a series of autobiographical fantasies which give a great deal of pleasure to a great many people, but which are written, one gathers, for the author's own diversion, and so have that inescapable air of amateurism with which all such writing must be surrounded, however fastidiously careful its workmanship. "Here, in this book," says Mr. Sitwell, "I write to please myself ; and I am my own best audience. I have watched myself ever since I began to write ; and I know that I write best when I write to please myself." In his text he quotes an American critic's tribute to himself—"Perhaps no other writer has ever covered a wider range in the arts that make life beautiful" —and in this highly flavoursome *tutti frutti* of art criticism and recollections of baroque architecture, music, flowers, scents, sounds and sights, he does his very considerable best to live up to it. He recalls, in sometimes rather winsome sentences, not only the buildings and pictures and scenes he has described, but the circumstances in which his books were written and his feelings about them to-day. His *Southern Baroque Art,* he considers, "has poetry in nearly every sentence," and he remembers his brother's opinion that it was "fresh, strange and lovely as the music of Petrouchka." He considers, arbitrarily as it seems to me, that "Greece and Italy are no longer the mothers of the arts," and that "the Englishman will go no more to Italy as I did when young." He states roundly, and in this case I am afraid mistakenly, that the Indian musicians who accompanied the "Mongol hordes of Batu Khan invading the Danubian provinces," and those who rode in open carts before Jenghis Khan, were Gypsies. He believes that Carpaccio "was an inferior painter and little more than an illustrator of genius when compared with (Giovanni) Bellini," who "is a vastly greater painter than Veronese, or than Tintoretto." So with asides of opinion and prejudice thrown off, this bewildering and polychromatic miscellany runs about the Western world of art, and is in turn dazzling, laboured, nostalgic, sincere and wistful, very much the work of a connoisseur in sounds and sights, a collector of finely embroidered memories.

I AM usually mistrustful of authors who, like Mr. Ernest Raymond in his *Two Gentlemen of Rome,* take pains to state for whom their books are, or are not, intended. This book about Keats and Shelley is not designed, the author says, for scholars of the two poets, but is addressed to young people. The writer's aim has been "to bring them to this excitement by quickening in them a love for these two immortal lads and a high interest in the drama of their lives." As one reads this friendly, unlaboured, yet highly perceptive book, one sees why Mr. Raymond had to state its special intention. It is only scholarly in that it is free from annoying inaccuracies ; its approach is popular, its appeal that of good realistic narrative. Reading it, I realised for the first time, for instance, that Keats was a short and stocky man, while Shelley was long, thin and stooping, and I learnt a great deal about the London homes and lodgings of the two poets which, to my knowledge, has not previously been revealed. Moreover, this kindly book radiates charity, and says of Lockhart and his spiteful attack on Keats that "it is possible to be a cad at twenty-three and not at forty." Somehow in its pages, I cannot suggest exactly how, one feels the author's own Shelleyan faith in and affection for mankind, and one knows that what appeals to him in Shelley is his passionate, if fickle, nobility of purpose, while his respect for the courage and high intent of Keats is only momentarily dimmed by his fair-minded quotation of the last egomaniac letters to Fanny Brawne. He brings the two young men to life and achieves his aim of awakening or re-awakening interest in their lives and in their work. His quotations from both letters and poems are exceedingly pertinent, and his handling of the various issues which have divided less detached critics is without bigotry.

THERE is a certain obscurity about the authorship of *Widow Chuan.* On the dust-wrapper only Mr. Lin Yutang's name appears, yet from the title-page one learns that it has been "retold by Lin Yutang" and is based on a story by Lao Hsiang. If this means that it now appears in a free translation of the Chinese original, one could wish that the "re-telling" were less awkward and full of self-conscious scraps of the idiom used by Chinese characters in American films. The story itself is an enchanting one. It has a casual beginning and no end to speak of, yet it holds the reader by its gaiety, its humanity and its reality. For plot there are only what one might describe as a few events in a Chinese village. We first meet the one-armed war hero Captain Chuan Big Wu, riding home on a giant water-buffalo, and by his arrival arresting all work for the day in the village. A feast is arranged for him and it needs a number of important people to gather its materials and make it a success. We meet the traditionalist village Elder, who remembers with regret his ancestors' more summary way with law-breakers, the busy, fussy, kind "Locomotive Hullo" Chuan, whose object in life is to help others, however officiously, and, of course, the magnificent widow herself who, contrary to custom, refused to abandon the pleasures of life after the death of her husband, and now, with her three desirable daughters, makes life in the village of Chuan Chia Fu, or "Entire Clan Prosperous," a great deal more lively than it would otherwise have been. The hotch-potch of incidents and conversations in which these and a salt-smuggler, a horse-dealer, a teashop keeper, and others take part lasts no more than a day, and there is no looming climax to the story. I found it very enjoyable.

A GOOD, old-fashioned mystery thriller is Mr. Anthony Armstrong's *He Was Found in the Road.* This first gives the reader a glimpse of evil and mysterious goings-on, with changed identities and corpses and whatnot, then is away to a straight story in which the central character finds himself regaining consciousness in a private nursing home. Professor Catrell, who owns the nursing home, is a figure almost as ominously villainous as that other Professor of crime fiction—Moriarty. He begins to foist on to the sick man a new identity, that of Ivan Mason, and when it is revealed that the patient's real name was James Leeming and that he was an important figure in the world of atomic research, we know that it must only be a question of time before the cloven hoof becomes a bear's paw and everyone has a Russian name. James Leeming gets the assistance of a personable young woman called Rhona, which adds an appropriate romantic interest to the story, and all goes merry as a marriage bell as danger and mystery increase. Mr. Armstrong keeps his reader a little ahead of his protagonist in guess-work ; however, the latter's crack on the head may be held to account for his slow realisations. But it all keeps moving swiftly and quite excitingly. There have been many attempts recently to keep alive the Buchan tradition of good, clean adventure with spies. This is a particularly successful one.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR.
Encyclopædia Britannica Ltd. ; £3 3s.

A complete review of the events of 1951, with notes and comments on the personalities involved and a mine of information on developments and industrial progress.

SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORIES AT STRATFORD, 1951.
By J. Dover Wilson and T. C. Worsley. (*Max Reinhardt ; 15s.*)

The year 1951 saw a rare theatrical phenomenon, namely, the performance of the four "histories" as a cycle. Apart from their performance as a cycle by Sir Frank Benson in 1905, they had, as far as is known, only been produced singly in this country since Shakespeare's time. This book surveys the treatment of the plays in cycle form, examines the productions and quotes widely from published comment.

A LITTLE LEARNING.
By Winifred Peck. (*Faber and Faber ; 12s. 6d.*)

Reminiscences of Lady Peck's early life from which it can be seen how her home life and school career have become reflected in her fictional writing.

THE PINKERTON STORY.
By J. D. Horan and H. Swiggett. (*Heinemann ; 18s.*)

A factual story from the files of Pinkerton's National Detective Agency, which when it comes to the point, reads almost better than fiction.

THE CHAIR FOR MARTIN ROME.
By Henry Helseth. (*Werner Laurie ; 9s. 6d.*)

A thriller in which we follow Rome from his killing of a policeman, through the finishing of his business outside gaol, to the electric chair.

THIS CROOKED WAY.
By Elizabeth Spencer. (*Gollancz ; 12s. 6d.*)

A rather moving story of a man's flight from God and his return to Him, the incidents in his life as it relates to others being seen through both his eyes and theirs.

ROSE AND CROWN.
By Sean O'Casey. (*Macmillan ; 21s.*)

This is the fifth volume of O'Casey's autobiographical work—he comes to England, marries an Irish girl and settles first in London, then in Buckinghamshire. He has a dispute with the Abbey Theatre ; a big row with the clerics and the Press . . . and throughout the book well-known public figures pass before us.

ADVENTURERS PLEASE ABSTAIN.
By Monica Stirling. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

This author's first volume of short stories—twenty-three of them, on a wide variety of subject matter, but all showing a good insight into human character.

DOWN TO THE LION.
By J. C. Trewin. (*Carroll and Nicholson ; 15s.*)

Further stages in a discursive autobiography which began with *Up From the Lizard* and has now gone down that way again for a second and even better instalment.

WORCESTERSHIRE ; ESSEX.
Two vols. Little Guide Series. (*Methuen and Co. ; 9s. 6d. each.*)

Pocket-sized, liberally illustrated, with a "quarter-inch-to-the-mile" map, and all the places arranged alphabetically, these little books are really valuable travelling companions.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by

Norah Owen

CASUAL CLOTHES

Casual clothes—clothes for the country —are the backbone of our wardrobe when we are away from London. They are the clothes that the elegant English woman has made traditionally her own, and she wears them with her own traditional elegance.

Classic and uncluttered, they belong to each and every season of the year. They can be assembled from a collection of separates, new and old, because separates are the basis of a good country wardrobe. They can be copied, or even borrowed from our men, but worn with assured femininity.

They can be young, because they are the clothes we play in. They must be comfortable, because they are the clothes in which we are most at home. We use accessories with invention and authority, making them part of the country scene.

From Simpson, Piccadilly, comes this loose, straight coat, which is worn unbelted. It is made of camel and wool mixture, and is the classic coat which would be the basis for any country wardrobe. Tartan lined throughout, and buttoning to the neck, it costs £29 10s. The reversible knitted Dutch bonnet, in two colours, also at Simpson's, costs £1 12s. 6d.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Keith Ewart.

(Continued overleaf)

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

CASUAL CLOTHES

Always in tune with a country background, we find two suits, classic but different in their lines. (*Left*) From Young Liberty comes this Irish tweed suit, with rounded shoulders and fitting waist. In shades of brown, with its gored skirt and cuffed sleeves, it is neat and young-looking. Price £26 5s. The felt pull-on hat in Teal green also from Liberty at £2 3s. 6d. (*Right*) New in line is the suit with its loose jacket and low half-belt. The straight skirt has a single pleat, the jacket is classically revered. In oatmeal and grey tweed, the suit costs 28½ gns. from Peter Jones' Boutique. Hand-made string and leather gloves, 5½ gns.

Here are two simple, classic dresses that can take numerous changes of accessories, and will become favourites in one's wardrobe. (*Left*) From Marshall and Snelgrove's Knitwear Department comes a grey classic jersey dress, with open neckline and flaring skirt, which has a pleated effect. Here it is worn with a wide elastic belt. The dress costs 11 gns., and the cotton Asher scarf, worn in the neck, costs 16s. 9d. (*Right*) Woolland's classic dress in soft blue tufted wool has a wide skirt, with unpressed pleats, belted with a deep, natural leather belt, and a casual shirt bodice, with rounded shoulders and three-quarter sleeves. From Model Gowns, it costs approximately £15 16s. The two pull-on classic felt hats (*left*), a small, round one and (*right*) a copy of the Garbo hat, are by Christy Hats, and come in various colours from Dickins and Jones' Model Millinery Dept.

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

PLAY CLOTHES

Tough, but undeniably feminine and attractive, are the slacks, shorts and shirts that we find for play-time hours on land or water. From Harrods' Active Sports Department come both these comfortable outfits. The shorts are navy linen, brief and cuffed, £2 10s. 6d. They are topped by a really warm, natural wool, ribbed polo-necked sweater, worn in a roomy, overlarge size, to give the amusing middy line ; at 5 gns. The slim, tapered-legged slacks, which have now become favourites, are in brown gabardine, cost 6 gns., and are topped by a pale poplin shirt (£5 12s. 6d.), gathered into a circular yoke, the sleeves ending in long cuffs. This pairs up with any skirt or suit, and in a dark shade could be dressed up with jewellery.

Above: Slim-fitting, tapered slacks again, this time in black and white check, in lightweight wool. These are from Jaeger, Regent Street, at 4 gns., together with the tailored pure silk cream shirt, which costs £3 19s. 6d. The neck is softened with a red-and-white-spotted, silk mist scarf, £1 11s. 0d., and the schoolboy striped webbing belt is 7s. 6d.

Left: Also from Jaeger, Regent Street, comes the pale blue, wool and lastex swim-suit. This has a detachable, narrow halter for comfort when swimming, and in various colours costs £4 19s. 6d. For shoulder warmth, one of Jaeger's attractive, fringed jersey stoles, also ideal with cotton dresses. Seen here in black, it costs only £1 19s. 6d.

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

ELEGANT ECONOMY

In this country a raincoat is a necessity. The vital point is to remain elegant in the most wetting rain. This rubberised, wool and rayon mackintosh, in a wide range of shades, is attractive in showery weather and protective in storms. It has a demure Quaker collar, can be belted or loose, and has patch pockets with hidden fasteners to keep out the raindrops. At the economical price of £5 19s. 6d., it has a matching, flapped hat, at £1 2s. 3d. Both from Aquascutum.

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" Black & White " owes its ever-increasing popularity to its high and consistent quality, and the special " Black & White " way of blending fine Scotch whiskies. The result is a drink that adds refreshment to enjoyment as no other can. No wonder people choose " Black & White " time and time again.

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The Secret is in the Blending

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Scotch Whisky Distillers
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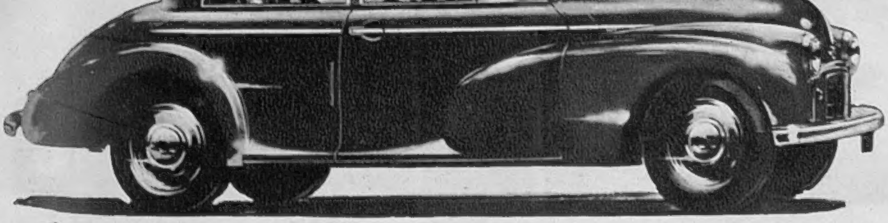

In this car of modest size all seats are within-the-wheelbase, where they should be for comfort, increased stability and easier driving. And there's heaps of room for luggage — over 7 cubic feet of space. Look at the "Quality First" Morris Minor inside and out; it has got what it takes to make a small car BIG!

The "Quality First"

MORRIS *Minor*

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C124H(52)

• THE WORLD OF MOTORING

THOSE INFURIATING SIGNPOSTS . . . COMMENTS ON THE "CONSUL" . . . AT LAST AN ENGLISH "MOTEL" . . . THE MYSTERIOUS "POOL"

By William Hartley

The Ford "Consul" reviewed on this page.

IN the past few weeks various functions have made it necessary for me to make some cross-country journeys. Now I claim to know the whole country pretty well, and most of these journeys were made without reference to maps, although in two instances I did just check the general route before setting out. But the experience has left me with strong feelings about signposts and those who erect them! Far too often one is following the signs and then, at a junction the very place-name you want is missing, although every other town in the area seems to be indicated. The Norwich ring-road is one example. For some reason the authorities have left out Newmarket at some of the turn-off points. Gloucester is another city where the same thing happens; Leicester yet another. Then often the wooden country signposts are erected with all the pointers on the same level, so that one hides the other until the driver is level with the post often too late to change direction without reversing.

I find that mileage figures are at variance, too. Go from Broadway to Stratford-on-Avon and see how the distance jumps from 11 to 8 within less than a mile, with other lesser discrepancies in several places. Try Tewkesbury to Leominster for another example of the same thing.

As an exception to this sort of carelessness I must praise the authority that erected signs in the Teme valley road, leading to Tenbury Wells, giving frequent mileage figures in both directions, even when there is no junction. It's nice to have the miles ticked off for one in this way, and others might copy.

I suppose the men as much concerned with signposts as any are the A.A. Road Patrols (their signs are usually quite admirable, by the way). I was interested to visit the Training School to which all recruits to this force go for two weeks before starting their duties. Situated at Widmerpool Hall, not far from Nottingham, this school provides a course which deals with every aspect of a patrol's duty, from first aid to traffic control, and from the road-numbering system to the whole mechanical field of dealing with breakdowns. The older patrols also attend for refresher courses, the recruits and "refreshers" being mixed in equal numbers. This mixing is done deliberately to foster the spirit of service, which is to be praised. I must say that I have never seen a more spotlessly clean school of any kind, and the equipment in the shape of stripped chassis and sectioned units from many makes of cars and motor-cycles is quite comprehensive. At the end of the course all the men undergo an examination. There is not much that the A.A. does not do for its members, but may I suggest that some week-end courses for members on car care might be welcomed.

THE Ford "Consul" is appearing on the roads in ever-increasing numbers and I am not surprised that it has become very popular. It is indeed a very pleasant car, from both driver's and passengers' point of view. In reality it is quite a small car, but if ever the expression "big car feel" could be applied, it can in this case. The seating width and roominess are first class, and the riding comfort and steadiness enhance the impression. The steering is to be singled out for special praise because one can corner so very well and with such infinite ease. At speed on bends the whole car seems to sit steadily on the road on an even keel, and the lightness of the effort required makes the "Consul" a joy to drive, whether at high speeds or in close manœuvring in dense traffic. Of the engine I need say little more than that I hear the competition boys are after them! The builders of "specials" for competition work have long used the Ford "Ten" unit as a basis, and they require good performance combined with robust construction and reliability, with economy also an important factor. The "Consul" unit certainly has all these features, as the way the miles go by on a long journey is quite surprising. I would describe it as a pretty fast car, and in general family use, when such a car is rarely stressed to its limits, the "Consul" should have the long life that is sought after to-day. Only one possible question comes to mind: Is it a shade under-tyred? Not, I am sure, for normal driving; but the power performance and cornering ability are so good that I fancy constant use of these blessings to the full would produce short tyre life. And I would say here that a number of post-war cars with up-to-date performance might offer the same point for consideration. I am confident that tyre-makers will keep pace with car performance in due course, but we do ask a lot of them, and it must be a problem to them. These conundrums keep cropping up over the years, in one form or another, but the answers are always forthcoming and we, the users, reap the benefit ultimately.

IN *The Sketch* one has often pleaded for the opening in this country of the type of bed-and-breakfast accommodation for motorists known in the United States as "Motels." I am now very happy to report that one has been established at Rouncil Towers, near Kenilworth, in Warwickshire. The establishment offers pleasant little cabins, described as "autovillas," with covered-in car space alongside. The large room provided has beds which fold into the wall, simple cooking facilities for use if required, hot, cold and iced water on tap, air-conditioning and, of course, chairs and table and telephone. One can feed in the restaurant in the house itself (very well appointed) if one so chooses. Now the great feature is the claim that motorists can arrive at any hour of day or night and ask for, and get without question, a hot meal! Indeed, the night bell carries the notice: "Please ring. You will be welcome"; and even at 3 a.m. a grill will be ready in the time it takes to cook. When people set out to give us this service they are to be praised, and may it be the forerunner of several up and down the country.

I FIRST tried the Triumph "Mayflower" last autumn, and I recorded then my liking for it. I have recently been able to use another for some long journeys, and I simply must comment again on what a good little car it is. Very reasonably priced and well finished, it performs very well indeed, and is most satisfying to drive. And despite the odd comment one heard in its early days regarding the lines and which I praised, it is widely admired.

MAY I finish with a question? I wonder why what is supposed to be a common grade of petrol called Pool seems to vary so much? Sometimes it is not too bad, and yet at others the pinking that follows a fill-up, with the natural falling-off in power and consumption, raises questions in my mind. Which is standard pool quality? Is the poor stuff the real pool and the better a little of the good that has been let out for some reason? Or is the inferior one some form of dregs that has to be disposed of? I wonder.

The Alpine Rally—G. Murray Frame is closely followed by Mrs. Nancy Mitchell near Bergamo. The Sunbeam Talbots gained three Coupe des Alpes, the first three places in the 2/3-litre class and the British Manufacturers team prize.

TWO outstanding examples of the craftsmanship of the maestro, Carl Fabergé, jeweller to the late Czar Nicholas II of Russia. The vase is carved from rock crystal and contains Lilies of the Valley with pearl and diamond flowers, gold stalks and Siberian Jade leaves. The ash tray carved from a solid block of green Siberian Jade is similarly decorated. Colour photograph by courtesy of Wartski, reproduced for your pleasure by the makers of:

IMPERIAL LEATHER

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Schweppshire Post, 1952

'Post's' Peephole on Schweppshire in Shirtsleeves

Happy Holidays are Here!

HOPS DESTROYED BY LIGHTNING

CROWD WASHED OUT

By Freak Storm

SEA SCOUTS MAROONED IN COVE

Crops are now past salvation in many parts of Schweppshire. The holiday sporting programme has been ruined and the roads were crowded yesterday with disappointed holiday-makers trooping back from flooded coastal resorts and bathing beaches where giant waves have wrecked bathing huts and spread an amazing melée of condemned slot machines, deck quoits, old second-hand bathing towels and retired naval men five hundred yards inland.

Setting Lotion in Cream Buns

RESORTS WARNED

Many little ones were taken to hospital after the Orphans' Outing last Wednesday. Each had eaten only fifteen of these confections when the leader of the troop complained that she was unable to remove her Brownie sombrero.

GRISLY FIND

IN FESTIVAL "WELL OF TRUTH"

Human Jawbone lodged in Wall:

Foul Play Suspected

Amateur detectives were wondering whether there was any connection between this incident and the finding of an unidentified gold tooth in a margarine tin in Schwepton Mallet Reservoir.

Bungalow Blaze

NEXT TO PETROL STORE

Dissatisfied bathing-machine attendants have put the charming little coves of East Schweppshire under a reign of terror during the past fortnight. Peaceful holiday-makers have been premeditatedly attacked with knotted bathing costumes or pelted with old cuttlefish by inflamed malcontents.

Quadruple Crash

HOLIDAY CHARABANC BUCKLED

Boy Buried Head Down in Sand Castle—Will Survive

Four hours' artificial respiration were administered to Tony Rössl, recently cut out of wealthy uncle's will. Ailing Rössl had earlier been shaken when with thirteen other little ones he narrowly escaped cliff fall on Lido of Schweppington-Schwuper-Mare.

INSPECTOR STRAIGHTLEFT No. 483

MORRIS DANCING round Schweppherd's Bush

In Midsummer Months the Holland House (Acton) Society moves from leafy Lime Grove for the green oasis in whose greater spaciousness the difficult 5/4 and complex 10/66 rhythms are interestingly attempted (G.Schwort, F.R.Z.S., on right)

don't let { Chilled Feet, Hangover, Sting-ray blisters, 'Purple-patch', Sunburn, Heat Palsy

take the edge off your Holiday

smile with PP Antischwepptic

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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